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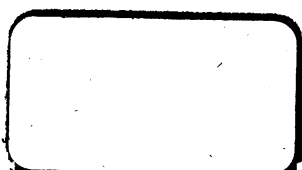
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Lieut. Holman R.N.K.W.

MUSCOVY;

A Poem,

IN FOUR CANTOS:

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL & MILITARY:

ALSO

Several Detached Pieces.

BY

MRS. JOHN PHILIPPART.

"NON SI CIMENTI IN CAMPO
CHI TREMA AL SUONO, AL LAMPO
D'UNA QUERRIERA TROMBA,
D'UN BELLICOSO ACCIAR."

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Dedication

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TO THE

Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

MADAM,

IN laying my first acknowledged work at the feet of Your Majesty, I feel in the highest degree those sentiments of duty, respect, and loyalty, which Your Majesty's exalted station and benignity must ever inspire: and permit me, Madam, to express my perfect sense of the distinguished honor and

Manly Folio Feb. 26, 1946

*obligation conferred by Your Majesty's most
gracious acceptance of this tribute.*

I have the honor to be,

Madam,

With grateful acknowledgments and

high respect,

Your Majesty's most devoted and

dutiful, humble Servant,

C. PHILIPPART.

IN the sudden transition of a new candidate for popular favour, from the peaceful shades of domestic life to the wide and unsheltered paths of the literary republic, I have all those feelings naturally attendant on a mind strongly susceptible of worldly opinions. Some Poetical Trifles, composed during moments of solitude, I have already given to the Public, through various channels; and the encomiums bestowed upon them determined me to pursue my wanderings in those pure and delightful regions, where, secluded from the cold and the malicious, the heart

can repose in its own rectitude, and dare to breathe forth its varied feelings unrestrained and uncontaminated.

I do not tender an apology for coming under the observation of the dread tribunal I am now before; having none to offer that would be acceptable, none but such as are connected with my feelings, and form part of my existence. From the first dawn of the deliverance of Northern Europe, I felt an ardent desire to exercise my pen on a subject so dear and interesting to every heart where the flames of patriotism or loyalty are allowed to expand. I was inspired with the theme, and unconsciously acquired that intrepidity of spirit which the attempt demanded.

I was stimulated in my undertaking by

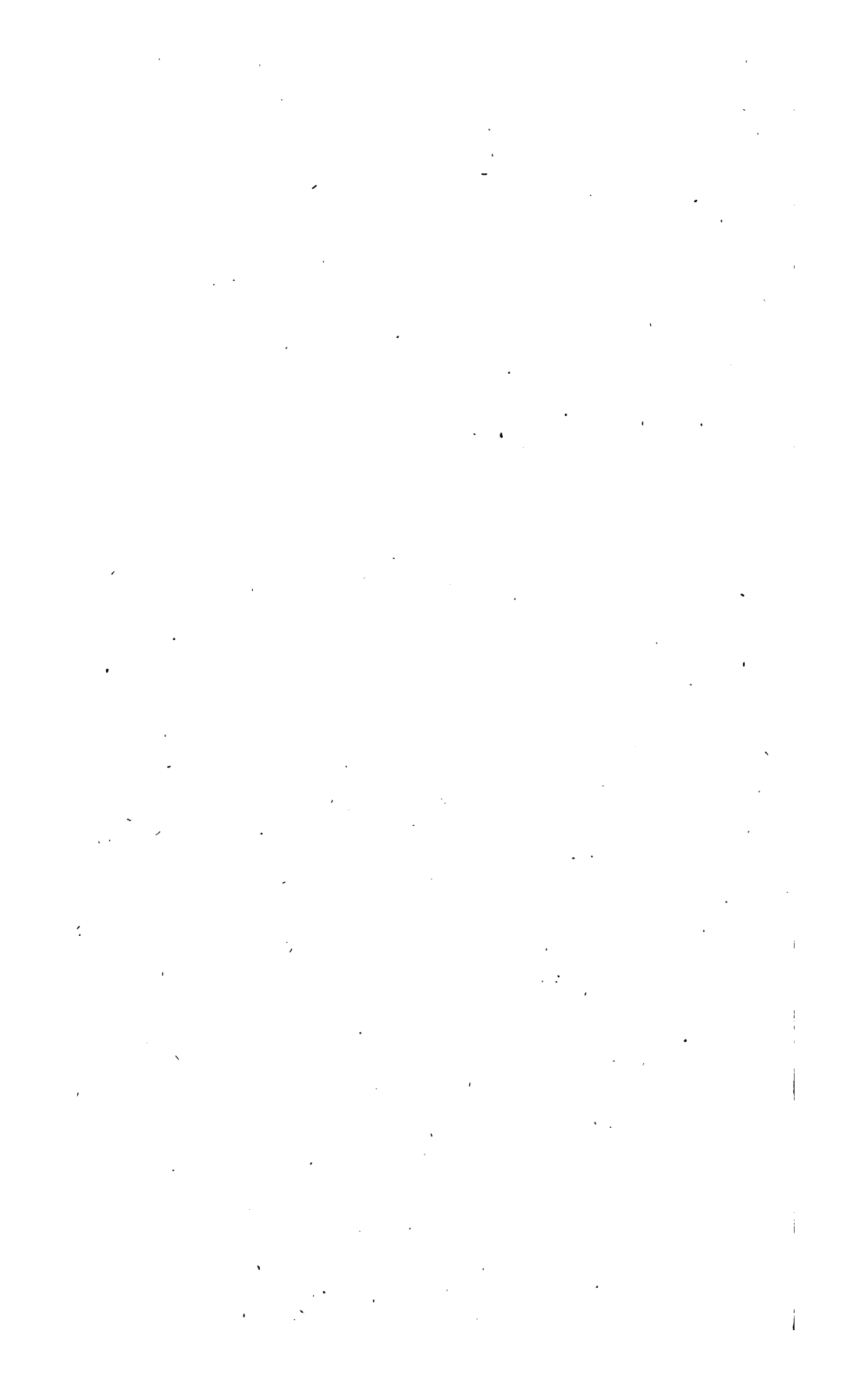
having before me several interesting military documents, in the possession of Mr. Philippart, relating to the affairs in Russia, and drawn up by very distinguished characters; these, together with his Narrative of the Campaign of 1812, published in the Military Panorama, furnished me with sufficient materials for my structure; and from the latter I have taken the liberty to make copious extracts, which will be found among the notes: he has also allowed me to enrich my work with an extract * from a letter, descriptive of the events of the Campaign in Russia till the expulsion of the enemy from Moscow; written to him from the theatre of those grand historical events, by Sir Robert Ker Porter, a gentleman whose reputation is well known and justly appreciated.

* Page 147.

I have endeavoured to keep close to the Narrative in question, and have purposely avoided extensive digressions and episodes ; as to have strayed from a subject of such national importance, could only diminish the interest without giving a real grace to the Poem.—It has also been my study to record, not only the exploits of the Russian armies during their bold, vigorous, and successful struggle against foreign oppression, but also the sentiments which influenced those great exertions ; the powerful fire of patriotism and loyalty ; and the still brighter glow of religious fervor so strikingly apparent in every circumstance of that critical and brilliant campaign, when the armies which filled the world with dread, and deluged her fair face with human blood, were at their gates, and in their palaces ; when their temples were profaned, and

their children violated ; and the sacred diadem itself apparently within the grasp of another Titan : then the soul of Russia was awakened, and her gigantic powers overwhelmed her enemies with a sudden destruction,

I have now to revert to circumstances which call forth the best feelings of my nature : the sentiments by which I am impressed are grateful and pleasing ; but expression in this instance is denied me. To the valued few, but illustrious and honourable characters, who encouraged me to a perseverance in my literary attempt, I would fain offer acknowledgments worthy of them to receive, and in unison with my own ideas.—I find it impossible ; but I have a pride in declaring, that their remembrance will be ever before me.



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MUSCOVY.

B



MUSCOVY.

CANTO I.

ARMS! and the holy cross in Russian hands,
Which drove th' invaders from those frozen lands,
Where Boristhenes in resistless flow,
Rolls in his course through realms of trackless snow:
Or when rich summer sends her treasures forth,
And clothes with verdure all the teeming earth,
Translucent in the sun's refulgent beam,
Majestic glides his consecrated stream:
And where Potemkin's uncontrouled command,
Bade infant cities rise along the strand (1),
And conquered thousands votive offerings bring,
Arms! and the patriot Muscovites, I sing.

Imperial Catherine, in triumphant state,
 While suppliant kings in silent homage wait (2),
 Here on thy wave, in Eastern grandeur rode,
 Or, on thy banks preferred a blessed abode;
 And, when the winds in wild commotion roar,
 The Royal galley dashed against the shore;
 Silent, and undismayed, the Princess stood,
 And looked collected, on the foaming flood (3).
 As when great Juno, from her golden car,
 With lofty brow surveyed the gathering war;
 To aid the Grecian bands her powers employ,
 Against the state of high beleaguered Troy:
 The Queen of Heaven, unmoved, her terrors hurl'd,
 So Catherine seemed, the Monarch of the World.
 Then, Boristhenes, roll thy wave along,
 And raise thy head to hear the Poet's song:
 Nilus no more shall claim unrivalled praise,
 Nor famed Euphrates qualify his lays:
 Tagus to thee shall bend his stately urn,
 And classic Po thy warrior honors mourn—

Old Neptune's train shall quit the coral caves,
To guide his coursers through thy glassy waves.—
Hail, Boristhenes! on thy liquid throne,
Where Russians conquered, and where Catherine shone.

When Europe felt the base Usurper's power,
And tarried patient an avenging hour,
Meekly she yielded to the smarting rod,
And left her honor and her cause to God.
Then Russia seemed beneath his hard controul
A giant's body, and an infant's soul;
Until oppressed, and sinking with the chain,
She strove her waning honor to regain.
Then, Alexander, then thy soul appeared,
Worthy to fill the throne which Peter reared,
Illustrious Romanoff, a people's pride,
The soldier's leader, and the statesman's guide;
Calm in the council, in the war serene,
And greatly daring in the adverse scene:

Around thy throne the veteran warriors press,
 Eager insulted Russia to redress :
 And youthful spirits, glowing for the strife,
 Careful of honor, prodigal of life,
 In virtuous loyalty thy steps attend,
 And each heroic soul his darling country's friend.

Forth from their homes the brave Muscovians go,
 To seek just vengeance on the treacherous foe,
 Even the poor peasant, in his mud-built shed,
 Aspires to lay his bones in glory's bed;
 Invokes his household gods their aid to send,
 And sallies forth, his single arm to lend :
 In vain the hostile legions here advance,
 Conscriptive servants of degenerate France;
 Vain wish to banquet on a nation's tears,
 Which owns ONE BOSOM, AND A MILLION SPEARS (4).

The Czar commands! his faithful subjects hear,
 And quit their homes to join his high career;

From every province of his vast domains,
 The rising nations come to break their chains:
 Chains, which the Gallic Ruler strove to bind
 By craft, and cruelty, on half mankind;
 Chains, which the free-born Swiss were doom'd to wear,
 And lost Batavians with reluctance bear.
 Proud Austria's banners lay beneath his feet,
 Debased by falsehood, marriage, and deceit;
 And abject Prussia, when Napoleon spoke,
 Bow'd his degraded neck beneath the yoke.

Far as the verge of distant Norway's coasts,
 The tyrant sends his mercenary hosts,
 And mid her forests of coeval pine,
 Their glittering arms and polished vestures shine:
 Or where Vesuvius shoots his fires around,
 And giant Ætna, are his cohorts found;
 Where soft Italia, with her fragrant breath
 Awakes the children of the flowery heath;

Where richer Spain, whose purple vineyards rise
 To tempt the greedy Gaul's insatiate eyes;
 From the famed pillars of Alcmena's son
 To distant Bothnia's gulf his harpies run;
 Scream o'er the palsied lands in search of prey,
 And bind their Princes to Napoleon's sway;
 Tear from anointed brows the kingly crown,
 And Europe trembles at Napoleon's frown.

Majestic in her sea-encircled fane
 Britannia sits, dictatress of the main:
 And, as she casts around her azure eyes,
 Grasps her tall spear, and Gallia's Chief defies:
 Abroad she sends her sons to meet the fight,
 And towers tremendous in her triple might.
 Her floating castles cut the yielding deep
 Wherever tempests howl, or whirlwinds sweep;
 Through unknown straits and trackless seas they ride,
 And stem the current of the rushing tide;

Content to labour on the briny main,
 If to her Thames they bring the golden gain,
 For then her seamens' painful toils are o'er,
 They cut the wave and brave the wind no more :
 In vain Napoleon labours to o'erthrow
 Her mighty states, and lay her bulwarks low,
 Firm in her native strength, secure she stands,
 The dread and envy of surrounding lands.

Great Alexander, in an evil hour,
 Seduced by falsehood, bartered Russia's power;
 Until the treacherous Gaul, by fortune pressed,
 Unveiled the serpent, and the truth confessed :
 Then, Muscovy, thy better angel came,
 Retrieved thy glory, and repaired thy shame ;
 Snapping the felon cords, like him of old,
 That wond'rous child, the seraph's lips foretold (5) ;
 And like a waking lion, roused at length,
 Lo ample Muscovy puts forth her strength.

A million hands advance the ready spear,
 A million warriors in her plains appear :
 Her ancient forests echo to the sound
 Of clattering hoofs and clashing swords around :
 Her swarming villages resound the clang,
 And through her greenwood vales the busy anvil rang.
 In every valley, and by every stream,
 The soldier's glittering arms are seen to gleam ;
 And red artillery, flashing to the sky,
 Startle the game that in her forests lie :
 The flying quarry, fleetest than the wind,
 Leaves the tremendous engines far behind ;
 And, bounding onward, in his timid mood,
 Seeks the deep covert of the lonely wood.

Beneath the influence of the solar heat,
 The rose expands his parent ray to meet ;
 The fragrant lily, and the tuberose,
 Under his power their latent sweets disclose :

The heart-enlivening grape, and heavy grain,
 Feed on his fires, and grace the rich domain;
 Impervious forests wave their dark green heads,
 And tender flowers bedeck their humble beds;
 Delicious summer, with her genial breath,
 Awakens nature from a transient death;
 And when she scatters round her vernal charms,
 The trumpet sounds, and wakes the world to arms.

In Wilna's town, then when the sun was high,
 The Gallic bugles blow, and eagles fly;
 And all the thousands of the brave array,
 Prance in their pride beneath his gladsome ray.
 Thy warlike sons, Germania, there were seen,
 Of well-tried courage, and of marshal mien;
 The Polish horseman, and the voltigeur,
 The towering grenadier, and fleet chasseur;
 And many a conscript youth of gentle birth,
 Torn from his mother's arms, his father's hearth,
 Fill the long files of self-devoted France,
 To swell Napoleon's pride, his power enhance.

Descendants of the brave Sclavonian race,
No more shall Gallic force your lands deface;
Soon as the foe upon your plains appeared,
You called on God! and God your prayer has heard.
When on the rapid Dwina's flowery banks,
Your panting warriors stood in glittering ranks;
Brave Wittgenstein then led the bold array,
And cheered his soldiers in the bloody fray;
Did every leader to his post appoint,
And drove the foe upon the bayonet's point.
For three successive days in fight they stand,
And stain with human gore the silent strand,
Till heaven its vengeance on th' invader hurled,
And taught a lesson to a faithless world.

And, mark the horrors of that fearful night,
When Polotsk's walls beheld the bloody fight,
As Pole and Russ in mortal conflict meet,
And strew with carnage every darkened street (6);

Around the wounded groan, the weapons clash,
 A moment lighted by the musket's flash,
 Till midnight glooms involve the stormy sky,
 And from Muscovian force the hostile squadrons fly.

Reposing in the Saviour's grace divine,
 The steadfast Russians now the fight decline;
 And still retreating in unbroken bands,
 The impious French possess the fertile lands (7);
 Lands, which the patient peasant tilled with care,
 In hopes the produce of his toils to share.
 The wary Muscovites, in close array,
 Await the coming of the awful day,—
 When drawing onwards the presumptuous Gaul,
 Beneath the holy cross, behold his fall;
 Thy walls, Smolensko, prostrate in the dust,
 Repel the invaders, and assist the just;
 Till wise revolving, precious blood to save,
 Or give the patriot troops a nobler grave,

The Russian leaders sound a safe retreat,
In undivided hands their fellow warriors meet.

The jovial Muscovite, at evening's close,
Finds on his parent earth a short repose;
Or gaily laughing o'er his martial task,
Lifts to his lips the renovating flask;
And as the ruddy draught is circled round,
Beats with his nimble feet the flinty ground;
In antic measures sings his maiden's grace,
Her fair, round form, and laughter-loving face.
The gay barina, and the sparkling glass,
Mark the glad moments as they quickly pass,
And, mingling in the merry groups between,
Their wives, and sportive children, oft are seen.
But brief their pastime, and their slumbers brief,
Each Russian arms, obedient to his Chief;
And, ere the sun has waked the sleeping main,
Sharpens his brand, and lifts his spear again;

And, onward marching, in the phalanx strong,
 Carols in native Russ his warrior song;
 Fights o'er the fields his brave forefathers gained,
 When Russian blood the Turkish sabre stained:
 And lightly counting of a parent's loss,
 If the proud crescent fell before the cross.

Now, princely Kutusoff, at thy command,
 Th' embodied Muscovites in order stand;
 Firmly resolved to wait the foe's advance,
 Bravely to fight, and quell the pride of France:
 Then Borodino (8) saw the unequal fray,
 And raised her humble head to bless the day
 When Muscovy stretched forth her iron hand,
 To sweep the insidious foe from out the land:-
 Shout, Borodino, raise thy voice on high,
 In lofty pæans rend the azure sky;
 Shout, for thy simple village swains beheld
 The fierce battalions of the Gaul repelled;

Beheld the brave Muscovians fearless run,
 To meet the foe beneath the rising sun ;
 When spear and sabre glittering in his beam,
 And ready bayonet dart a transient gleam ;
 And panting steeds impetuous warriors rein,
 Seeking with eagle eye the hostile train.
 The trumpet summons, and the drum's deep roll,
 Now rouse at once each patriotic soul ;
 The deep-mouthed cannon, in reverberate roar,
 Affright the river from its verdant shore ;
 The trembling stream in gentle murmur moans,
 And echo's voice the heavy sound returns.
 Thy sons, O Muscovy ! who glorious shone,
 And poised their spears beneath the rising sun ;
 Sanguine, and glowing at their country's call,
 Resist her foes, and for her honour fall :
 But ere he sunk in Thetis watery bed,
 Ten thousand gallant souls from earth had fled :
 Ten thousand wounded warriors in the dust,
 Invoked their country's saint, and own'd her quarrel just.

From off the field, on this eventful day,
 The wounded Woronzoff (9) is borne away:
 The ruddy drops, distilling from his veins,
 His glittering arms and all his vesture stains;
 Around the plain his ardent eyes he throws,
 And sighs to plunge among contending foes:
 As when the charger, at the battle's close,
 Finds in his native fields a calm repose;
 But when the distant trumpet wakes his ear,
 Sudden he springs to join the war's career,—
 He snuffs the coming breeze; his flowing mane
 And fiery eye-balls speak his high disdain;
 His clattering hoofs assail the silent ground,
 And all the rustic scene re-echoes to the sound.

And thee, Bagrathion ! (10), with undaunted soul,
 Whose valorous deeds resound from pole to pole;
 Even the chill arctic, and the burning zone,
 Thy fame shall blazon, and thy virtues own.

Long shall the faithless Franks, by terror driven,
 Repeat the "welcome" by Bagrathion given (10).
 When Peterswald beheld his bright array,
 Even at the close of that disastrous day,
 As flying forth from Eylau's fatal field,
 The bold Bagrathion scorned his post to yield:
 Th' embattled squadrons of the victor then,
 Who held at bay the lion in his den,
 Knew the bold heart with warrior ardor fired,
 And from his lessened band in haste retired.
 Then live, Bagrathion, in th' historic page,
 The pride and glory of a wond'rous age:
 And, Muscovy, raise high the choral song,
 Bid thy bright maids the warrior's dirge prolong;
 Advance the trophies of the fallen brave,
 And hang fresh laurels on his honored grave.

Then Borodino's villagers shall tell,
 And point the spot whereon some hero fell;

How brave Muscovians in the flame were seen
To chase the foe, and cross the deep ravine;
When thund'ring vollies through the liquid air
Filled the bright concave with a transient glare;
How the firm bayonet, and the Cossack lance,
Bore down the bands, and thinned the ranks of France:
Of streaming wounds, and ghastly eye-balls roll,
As dying warriors yield the fleeting soul;
Or gasping by the silent river's brink,
The fainting soldier sought a cooling drink;
Painful he dragged his wounded limbs along,
And threw his tortured frame the weeds among;
Drew to his burning lips the silver tide,
And in triumphant hope the suffering warrior died.

The glorious orb of day at length has fled,
Tipping with living gold each mountain head;
And Borodino's streamlet gliding by,
Faintly reflects the dusky autumn sky;

Brave Kutusoff, the hoary warrior, then,
 Bade all his legions rally round again;
 The broken squadrons of the faithless Gaul,
 Scattered in wild disorder, fainting fall;
 The prudent veteran summons every chief,
 Demands their counsel, and their sage relief;
 And wise resolving further fight to shun,
 Withdrew his troops before the rising sun.

Intrepid Platoff, with his Cossacks brave,
 Stretched many a Frenchman in an unblessed grave;
 Swift in pursuit, and in the fight a host,
 The valiant horsemen deathless laurels boast;
 Nor can the poet, as he strikes the string,
 Forbear the patriot virgin's praise to sing—
 The blooming Platoff, in her opening charms,
 To bless some youthful warrior, spreads her arms;
 Unlike the Argive dame, who bartered base
 Her husband's honor, for a youth's embrace,—

Plundered her country, and her child forsook,
Nor deigned to cast behind one anxious look;
With yielding heart, and feigned resistance strove,
And lost a royal lord for lawless love.
Far other fate, fair Platoff, may be thine,
Among the chastest of thy sex to shine;
Some daring Cossack, by thy beauties fired,
Or with a patriot's energy inspired,
Shall seek to win thee mid the war's alarms,
And winning, wear thee in his loyal arms;
Then may'st thou pass along the vale of life,
The tender mother, and the happy wife,—
And lovely infants bless thy genial bed,
So cheaply purchased by Napoleon's head (11).



Muscovy.

CANTO II.



MUSCOVY.

CANTO II.

WITH half the numbers of th' invader's band,
In vain great Kutusoff essayed to stand;
Another Nestor then the veteran proved,
In cautious kindness for the troops he loved;
With bands collected for the future war,
Approached the city of the ancient Czar.

Imperial Moscow, in that glorious day,
When in thy towers the mighty Czars held sway,
Unnumbered nations to thy portals crowd,
To court thy commerce, of thy friendship proud:

And then thy spacious palaces among,
 The stately nobles in their grandeur throng ;
 The rich Armenian, and the swarthy lords
 Who represent the vast Tartarian hordes,
 And distant China sent her treasures forth
 To add new splendour to the hoary North.
 Thee, queen of cities, mid the forest glades,
 Thy rising spires illumed the verdant shades,
 And, grateful to thy royal founder's fame,
 In golden legends celebrate his name (12).

Yet, Moscow, yet thy rising glories saw,
 The wasting horrors of a Tartar war ;
 When bloody Tamerlane, with thirsty sword,
 O'er all the land conducts his myriad horde ;
 High o'er thy fanes stretched out his conquering hand,
 And laid thy blooming honors in the sand.
 Th' unsteady Tartar, weary of his prize,
 Thy walls forsaking, to new conquest flies :

Then princely Ivan, faithful to his trust,
 Raised all thy trophies from the silent dust;
 Thy hands, Solario (13), with a master's skill,
 Reared the strong fortress to obey his will;
 And there, enthroned, the mighty monarch sate,
 While his attendant Peers in order wait.
 Then, Moscow, once again thy castles rise,
 Thy gilded turrets gleam along the skies;
 And all around thy ready altars blaze,
 And full-toned organs hymn the Maker's praise;
 Thy priests, in sacred vestments, chaunt the song,
 And through the "long-drawn aisle" the pious strains
 prolong.

Thus, in her native grandeur, power, and sway,
 Imperial Moscow passed the royal day,
 Till godlike Peter left old Moskva's side,
 To found new cities on the Neva's tide (14).

Majestic Moscow, in thy awful state,
 Queen of the wild, magnificently great,

Behold thy distant spires in prospect lie,
 Behold the raging foe thy portals nigh :
 Then, Kutusoff, thy mighty soul arose,
 At thy command the lofty gates unclosed ;
 Thy warriors all, attendant to thy word,
 Unfix the bayonet, and sheath the sword.

Through all the different shades of lively green,
 The adverse troops in full advance are seen ;
 And neighing steeds exulting warriors bear,
 Eager the glory and the gain to share.
 But wary Romanoff, with foresight keen,
 Withdrew the treasure from the frantic scene :
 Then every blooming maid, and matron, fled
 Their peaceful homes, to seek a humbler shed :
 Secure from rapine, and from lawless lust,
 Firm in their Saviour's care, they place their trust ;
 And tender children led their aged sires
 Far from the falling city's rapid fires.
 Then patriot souls brought forth the flaming brand,
 And scattered death around with steady hand ;

In every street within the spacious bound
Of that famed city, rising fires are found.

As when the British queen (15), of daring soul,
Crushed by the Roman victor's stern controul,
Despairing, issued from her palace porch,
Bearing aloft the ready flaming torch ;
Attendant on her steps, her soldiers there,
Who shared her triumphs, now her sorrows share ;
Her Royal hand applies the quivering fire,
Above the stately domes the flames aspire,—
In circling eddies seek the upward skies,
And in a mouldering heap the royal city lies.

Thy genius, Muscovy, now upwards springs,
And o'er the sacred fanes expands his wings ;
Beholds the Gallic eagles come amain,
And crowding thousands darken all the plain ;
And as he rolls around his flashing eyes,
Sees the bright flames in vivid columns rise.

To stop the progress of the circling flame,
 A thousand Franks in frantic terror came ;
 A thousand voices raise the unbidden cry,
 And shrieks and groans resound along the sky.
 And now the raging, disappointed troops,
 Surround their leaders in tumultuous groups ;
 Their leaders, rousing from the gathering gloom,
 Seek to reverse the falling city's doom ;
 In haste to find the watery engines fly,
 And each expedient on the instant try.
 Sagacious Romanoff! the baffled foe
 Is doom'd again to meet a deadly blow :
 The saving engines now are far removed,
 Even from the city thy brave fathers loved ;
 The burning city, wrapped in sulphurous flame,
 Yet lives a sacred emblem of thy fame.
 Oh, Romanoff, the muse shall ever sing,
 And waft thy praise on inspiration's wing :
 Oh, Royal youth, great in misfortune's hour,
 Let the high chorus celebrate thy power,

Who calmly heard, with spirit undismayed,
The Royal city was in ashes laid.

Not so Napoleon; from the Kremlin's height,
With haggard eye beheld the horrid sight:
Frantic with rage, upon the cross he trod,
And called, presumptuous, on his patient God.
The crackling flames throughout the city spread,
And sunk in ruin every turret's head:
Each gorgeous palace, reeling to its base,
Gives to his angry eye a smoky space.
'Twas then despair possessed his tyrant soul,
As round on every side the flaming torrents roll.
The Pagan Nero, in his base desire,
Beheld the mistress of the world on fire,
Coldly he look'd, nor gave the word to save
His wretched people from a burning grave.
Yet Nero's self may hope for mercy there,
Where base Napoleon shall no mercy share;

For Nero served the truant gods of Greece,
And dire Napoleon owned the Prince of Peace.

Search o'er the volumes of historic lore,
The giant labours of each sage explore ;
Turn to the records of a barbarous age,
Or trace the wonders of the modern page ;
And not a parallel for Moscow's fate
Can all the volumes of the world relate.
E'en famed Persepolis (16), old Persia's pride,
Which glorious stood the towering rock beside ;
Where now her solitary ruins stand,
And frown terrific o'er the silent land ;
Tell to the listening world a deed of shame,
And still reproach the Macedonian name (17).

Nor sleeps Britannia in her sea-built car,
While Muscovy rolls back the tide of war :
Majestic genius of the emerald isle,
Thine eyes beheld the fall of Moscow's pile,—

Beheld from far the royal city's fate,
 A patriot people save a sinking state ;
 And bid her wealthy sons their riches send,
 To bind in grateful bonds their ancient friend ;
 To shield the houseless peasant's hoary head,
 Or give the comforts of a lowly shed ;
 To clothe the naked, and the famished feed,—
 To grace the patriot with an honor'd meed ;
 Her bounteous children, with benignant smile,
 Send forth the riches of their heaven-born isle :
 Then hail, Britannia, Mistress of the Wave,
 Whose arm shall succour, and whose spear shall save.

The wily Corsican, with inward grief,
 Confessed the virtues of the Russian chief ;
 But outward seeming inward thoughts belie,
 And give new malice to his swarthy eye :
 Thee, Alexander, such base arts above,
 Great monarch, worthy of a people's love,

Spurned at the proffered friendship of his foe,
 And firm prepared to strike a surer blow,
 Ever revolving in his mind the while,
 When Tilsit's wave beheld a Judas smile (18).

The smoking pyres of ruined Moscow saw
 An impious mockery of a nation's law,—
 Those stubborn hearts of patriotic mould,
 Who loved their country's honor, not her gold;
 And rising bold at Romanoff's command,
 With nervous arms applied the burning brand:
 These by his impious tribunal arraigned,
 While each firm heart the tyrant's power disdained.
 Brief was their trial, and the sentence known,
 An early grave their bleeding relics own.
 Not Roman Curtius (19), eminently brave,
 Who plunged, yet living, in a yawning grave,
 And self-devoted for his country's good,
 Gave to the opening earth his patriot blood:

Not those, the sons (20) of Alba and of Rome,
 Who met in fight, and found a mutual tomb,
 Shall richer honors from the poet claim,
 Or give more lustre to the rolls of fame.
 No! o'er their lowly tombs let virgins bend,
 And kindred spirits grateful tributes lend;
 As fervid joining in the tender strain,
 To sooth the spirits of the patriots slain;
 Raising their ardent notes, in just applause,
 To those who perished in Muscovia's cause.

Along the dark and stormy Danube's stream
 Thy arms, O Muscovy! no longer gleam (21);
 Far other hopes call back the long array,
 Far dearer conquests must they now essay;
 And deep revolving former battles o'er,
 Silent they quit his undulating shore;
 Where oft the bugle's note, the charger's neigh,
 Aroused each warrior to the glorious fray;

The trumpet's clangor, and the shrill-toned fife,
 Waked every soldier to the mortal strife;
 And pealing volleys thundering on the gale,
 Turned all the glories of the crescent pale.

The merry troopers then, in order come,
 To guard from foreign bands their native home;
 For Alexander's better angel press'd
 The mighty secret on his royal breast;
 And bade the monarch yield the Turk's demands,
 To draw new succours to Muscovian lands.
 And now the ready troops in files advance,
 To strengthen Russia, and to weaken France:
 Eager they ride, nor deign their pace to slack,
 The hardy Yager and the stout Cossack;
 All dashing through the forest and the glade,
 Awake the silence of the sleeping shade;
 The startled covey rises on the wing,
 And plaintive Philomel has ceased to sing:

Among the glades and groves the troopers ride,
 Or gaily carol by some river's side ;
 Nor ever stay the generous charger's tramp,
 Until they halt at fair Volhynia's camp.

Napoleon's busy brain, and guileful heart,
 Must still perform a subtle, crafty part ;
 Specious, he veils the truth in deep disguise,
 And tries to draw the film o'er Europe's eyes ;
 In pompous manifestoes strives to shew
 How high his fortune, and the Czar's how low :
 But watchful Kutusoff, still hovering near,
 Improved the moment of his panic fear ;
 And full upon Murat with all his force,
 Falls with his steady foot and conquering horse ;
 The bold attack complete success obtained,
 And in the conqueror's power the foe remained :
 Two thousand fallen Frenchmen on the field,
 Stretched on the bloody bier their spirits yield ;

The dark artillery, and the standards high,
Within the victor's mighty compass lie ;
And all along the wet and freezing ground,
Are dying horse and fainting Frenchmen found.

Thick horrors gathering round the invader's head,
The living wounded mourn the happier dead;
Inward they curse the hard, ambitious heart,
Which led them forth with life and fame to part ;
Mournful they ponder on the peaceful scene,
When on their native village sportive green,
The simple peasant, and his children, there,
In all the frolics of the vintage share.
Ah ! never more such pleasing scenes to prove,
Ah ! never more to meet his early love ;
Hard on the frozen earth to yield his breath,
In heart-felt anguish, and a painful death.

Muscovy.

CANTO III.



MUSCOVY.

CANTO III.

DISASTROUS tidings, and distracted fear,
 Fall like a death-knell on Napoleon's ear ;
 No longer can he hold the fortress mound,
 With death and ruin gathering fast around.
 Sudden he arms the walls in deep dismay,
 Sudden resolves in flight to speed his way ;
 With recreant haste draws off his weakened powers,
 But leaves defenders in the Kremlin's towers.

The bold Winzingerode, without delay,
 Resistless drives the wretched French away ;

Banished for ever from the fortress height,
 The silver eagles sink in hurried flight,
 And when the scattered foe inglorious fled,
 The Russian banners planted in their stead :
 And may they wave upon the Kremlin height,
 Till nature yields to everlasting night,—
 Still may they flutter on her doom unfurled,
 The honored object of a gazing world !

Winzingerode, who pious wished to save
 His fellow beings from a bloody grave ;
 Waved the white flag above his warrior head,
 To save the living, and to shroud the dead.
 The faithless Franks surround their generous foe,
 And lead him captive as they flying go.

But rescued from the base invader's chain,
 The gallant soldier draws his sword again ;
 Again with patriot zeal and courage steeled,
 He gathers honors on the tented field,

And pressing onward in his high career,
 Wastes the weak squadrons of the Gallic rear,
 As when a hunter, in the echoing wood,
 With hound, and horn, his sylvan sport pursued ;
 The fiery bloodhound tracks the greenwood round,
 Springs on the youth, and drags him to the ground ;
 With sharpened fangs he holds his hapless prey,
 The forest echoes to his stifled bay ;
 Until the skilful hunter's polished knife,
 Drinks the deep current of his fleeting life ;
 Bathed in his gore the shaggy monster lies,
 Bites the dank earth, and in convulsion dies.—

The pious Romanoff, beloved of heaven !
 When forth from Moscow's towers the foe was driven,
 Raised his adoring hands to that blessed power,
 Who saw his firmness in misfortune's hour :—
 " Behold ! " he cried, " your prayers are heard above,
 " Great Nation, cherished by a Saviour's love :

" Behold the avenging arm of Heaven stretched forth,
 " To drive invasion from the favored North ;
 " Then rise indignant in a sacred cause,
 " To guard your country's altars and her laws ;
 " Twice twenty millions own the Russian sway,
 " And warlike myriads Russia's chiefs obey.
 " Then vain the hope presumptuous France has shewn,
 " Our states to conquer, or to shake our throne.
 " Arise, Muscovians, bear the cross abroad,
 " And carry justice on the ready sword ;
 " With force resistless crush the invader's ranks,
 " And well deserve a grateful monarch's thanks."

The starry wonders of the heavenly sphere,
 Direct the seasons, and bring round the year ;
 And as the golden orbs in music roll,
 Protect the righteous, and the base controul (22).
 No more shall dire Napoleon impious boast,
 The blessed protection of the ethereal host ;

Upon his helm no more shall victory stand,
 Or guide his eagles o'er the ravaged land :
 Rich summer's breath has left the frigid plain,
 And bleak Kalinka reassumes his reign.
 Sons of the North, the brave Muscovians go
 In battled order through th' untrodden snow,
 While feebler frames of Southern Europe's birth,
 Spread their chilled limbs upon the frozen earth ;
 Even generous chargers, reft of all their fire,
 Sink with their riders, and in groans expire.

Along the Dwina's banks the trumpet's bray,
 And echoing bugles rouse the battle fray :
 Engaging close, the adverse armies meet,
 The Russians follow as the Gauls retreat,
 Retreating to their strong entrenchments run,
 And close the battle with the setting sun.

The live-long day the deep artillery's roar
 Shook the lone caverns of the sounding shore :

On every side the wounded soldiers round,
 Lie stretch'd in blood, expiring on the ground;
 Mingled in heaps, the hands who fighting stood,
 And plunged their bayonets in each other's blood.
 Thy simple village spire, Bolonia, then
 Beheld the Russian bayonet fixed again:
 On either side the Dwina's banks along,
 The hardy Muscovites in thousands throng,
 Brave Steinheil then brought on his gallant band,
 And broke the hostile ranks on Dwina's strand.

Thy stream, Polota, flowing soft along,
 Witnessed the coming of the Gallic throng;
 When at the drum's deep roll, and trumpet's call,
 They rushed tumultuous to Polotski's wall:
 Then the fleet Cossack, with his lance in rest,
 Against the fire of Gaul opposed his breast;
 Not the firm bastion, or the palisade,—
 Nor all the glorious arts of war essayed,

Could for a moment Russian hands disarm,
Or save Polotski from the coming storm.
Fierce on her walls, collected in their force,
The gallant infantry, and charging horse,
Come thundering on, in search of just renown,
And drive the French from out the ravaged town.

The harassed enemy pursued his way,
Through many a stormy night and fearful day;
Disasters still attend upon his flight,
With all the terrors of the Cossack fight:
Upon his rear, and on his flanks, they came,
And put his troops to a "perpetual shame."
Thick round their heads the deadly bullets fly,
Sulphureous clouds involve the wintry sky;
The loud explosions stun the affrighted steeds,
While prone on earth the hapless rider bleeds:
Quick coming horrors press each other's heel,
The "frightful climate and the Cossack's steel;

Expiring hundreds curse the fatal morn
 When to Muscovian plains their steps were borne :
 Nor these alone the weary Gauls annoy,
 Even the rough boors their simple means employ,—
 Bound hand in hand, and heart to heart, they stand,
 And give their blood to shield their parent land :
 Ring from the village spires the loud alarms,
 Join in one common cause their iron arms ;
 And brand for ever with a coward's name
 The wretch who basely seeks his country's shame(28).

Nor let the British muse disdain to weep
 In holy drops upon the soldier's sleep ;
 Even if the warrior own Napoleon's sway,
 And spends his breath on Smolensk's fatal day ;
 Were frequent seen on old Kalouga's way,
 The Gallic eagles turn and seek the fray ;
 Still to the wakening trump and beating drum,
 The tough-armed Yagers, and the Cossacks, come,

Come pouring on in all their terrors drest,
And hurl their vengeance on proud Gallia's crest.

Still threatened round upon their flanks and rear,
The harassed army flies in frantic fear ;
Or fainting, famished, in a hostile land,
Vain they essay to make a desperate stand ;
Vainly they hope to snatch a short repose,
Environed by their brave, triumphant foes.
Along the miry road is frequent seen,
The baggage sinking in the deep ravine ;
And man and horse in wild confusion lie,
Together suffer, and together die :
But, oh ! how hard the soldier's fate to meet,
The midnight horrors of a full retreat.

Baffled in every plan, oppressed with doubt,
The conquered enemy pursued his route ;
Wide o'er the ravaged lands his armies pass,
Or sink by hundreds in the deep morass :

Around the tinkling village bells are heard,
And warriors started if a peasant stirred.

Thy town, Viasma, and Vereja, knew
The sad disorder of the flying crew :
Here noble Orloff led his warriors on,
Or fiery Cossacks from the stormy Don :
All high in blood they poise the glittering spear,
And meet the frightened van in full career ;
Charging they come, and thousand Frenchmen throw,
Or dead or dying mid the drifted snow :
Long shall Davoust in silent horror own
The bleeding trophies of Viasma's town (24).

Grouped on the broken roads, the soldiers cower,
To shield their bodies from the pelting shower ;
The slippery ground deceives their frozen feet,
And prone on earth a frigid doom they meet :
The dumb companions of their labours still
Pant on the road, or groan upon the hill ;

In patient sufferance strain the slackened nerve,
 To draw the cannon, or the fire to serve.
 Through the deep valley, or the dismal road,
 The drooping horses dying drivers goad;
 Till in a ravine's chasm, or bank of snow,
 They sink, and die in groans of deepest woe.

The ceaseless din of close-surrounding arms,
 Fill every Gallic heart with dire alarms;
 No rest, no respite, do they ever know,
 Chilled by the winter, harassed by the foe;
 While dread artillery, in continual play,
 Scatters with human gore the hungry way:
 In groans and shrieks the wounded men expire,
 Or find a two-fold death in sheets of fire.

The seraph Mercy had forsook the world,
 And black Revenge around his thunders hurled,—
 The two-edged sword he wields with giant hand,
 And casts abroad his never-dying brand;

From his consuming wrath see Nature shrink,
And sick Humanity must pause to think.

Alas ! nor human tears, nor Heaven can bind
The mad ambition of the Tyrant's mind :
Insatiate man ! How many states o'erthrown
Repent thy friendship, and thy malice own !
How many widows mourn their husbands slain,
Or mothers sigh to clasp their sons again ;
Or tender orphans wipe the falling tear,
As sad they muse upon a father's bier !
Mourn, mourn ye widows, and ye matrons groan,
Ye orphans raise the unavailing moan ;
For white-robed Peace will never quit the skies
Till low in earth the dire Napoleon lies.

Three gallant armies, rich in patriot blood,
Full in the van of the invader stood :
Orloff and Wittgenstein, and Platoff shew,
Divided strength, to crush the weakened foe (25).

And all along the line of sad retreat,
 The Gallie stragglers hostile bodies meet :
 In well-contested fight they dare to stand,
 And stain with sanguine drops the frozen land :
 Again Smolensko's walls, and flanking towers,
 Shall own the presence of the hostile powers ;
 Again her civic groves, and turrets grey,
 Shall know the horrors of a bloody day.

Upon the upward hill, and level plain,
 The fertile valley, and the wide domain,
 The rapid horse, and steady foot appear,
 Brandish the sabre or erect the spear.
 And wheeling squadrons, as they circle round,
 Dart the quick fire, and give the mortal wound.
 Where'er the Gallic eagles speed their flight,
 Throughout each dismal day and fearful night,
 Destruction hangs upon their flagging wings,
 And each new hour some new disaster brings.

Terrific winter, with his savage train,
 Now raged tyrannic o'er the groaning plain ;
 Thick, drifting snows, and cutting hail stones fall
 Upon the naked and defenceless Gaul ;
 Without a covering for his shivering form,
 Or scanty shelter from the pelting storm :
 His bleeding flesh the hissing ice bolts tear,
 And give a passage to the biting air.
 In awful horror, from a brother dead,
 The soldier tears a covering for his head,—
 Or hardly waiting till the quivering breath,
 Departing, seals the sufferer's fate in death ;
 And as each dying eye-ball faintly swims,
 Drags the torn garments from a parent's limbs (26).

Oh, easy were the task such toils to trace,
 And mark the progress of Napoleon's race ;
 But can the muse a dæmon's pencil find,
 To paint the horrors of Napoleon's mind :

Say, did he sink beneath the victor's chain,

Or nobly rise, his glories to regain.

Say, did he ere amid Muscovian frost,

Reflect on Varus (27), and his legions lost?

The pious Autocrat again essays,

In fervent strains to speak his Maker's praise ;

And bids his myriad subjects join to sing

The " God of Battles" and " Judea's King."

To place their hopes in him, on him to trust,

Who raised their falling temples from the dust.

The " God of Battles" hears a nation's prayer,

In mercy shields her with a Saviour's care ;

Still whets the sword in injured Russia's hands,

And angels fight among her patriot bands.

Thy youth, O Muscovy! with ardour fired,

With patriot zeal, and Christian faith inspired,

Press onwards still, nor heed the drifting storm,

Though wintry clouds the blue expanse deform.

Even the soft virgin, and the matron dame,
 Glow with the virtues of a patriot flame (28);
 Quit their retreat amid the forests' brake,
 And o'er the foe their puny weapons shake.
 Decrepid age, and tender children go,
 Armed with the plough-share, or the rustic hoe;
 In every breast the sacred flame expands,
 To give deliverance to their native lands.

Reduced by famine, winter, and the sword,
 The powers of France obey their furious lord;
 Remembering still their former glories gone,
 The cities conquered, and the trophies won,
 The soldier, on his icy bed of death,
 Draws, in convulsive sighs, his latest breath;
 And sad, compares the bleak and frozen plain,
 With fair Italia's groves, and fertile Spain.
 When blushing Spring, and ruddy Summer glows,
 Ripens the grape, and bids the flowers unclose,

Sighing he thinks on every tinkling rill,
The sunny valley, and the breezy hill,—
On fragrant orange-groves, and meadows, where
He bared his breast to meet the genial air;
Or pondered o'er and o'er the plundered shrine,
Rich with the gems of famed Golconda's mine;
And conscience rose within his fleeting soul,
Waked by the furies of the Arctic Pole.



Muscovy.

CANTO IV.

MUSCOVY.

CANTO IV.

THE scattered remnants of the wretched host,
With feeble efforts still defend their post;
Inured to conquest, and unused to fly,
With desperate courage, further efforts try.
But vain their Chief's attempts, his awful nod,
'Gainst those who fight beneath the cross of God;
Each heavy hour brings on the bloody fight,
Throughout the dreary day and howling night.
Plunged in despair, and sick with war's alarms,
The Gauls, by thousands, yield their useless arms:

Collects his strength, and pressing on again,
 The narrow passage of the bridge to gain.
 Struggling they press in deep concentered force,
 But fall beneath the heavy plunging horse ;
 Or crushed, the unwieldy waggons wheel among,
 Groan on the earth, or drag their wounds along.
 Upon the bridge how horrible the scene,
 The weary foot and flying horse between ;
 Each furious rider goads his charger on,
 Nor heeds his fellow being's dying groan :
 O'er the heaped dead, the living squadrons dash,
 And drivers ply the quick-resounding lash :
 Upon the bridge the Russian cannons pour
 Forth from their deadly throats a deadly shower,
 And all along the margin of the shore,
 The volleying muskets answer to the roar.
 Where'er the murderous cannons well-served fire
 Struck on the bridge, a thousand Gauls expire ;
 Their severed limbs are borne aloft in air,
 And drifting ice their quivering vitals tear.

Full twenty thousand lie, unhonoured, dead,
 Or plunged below within the river's bed.
 Twice had the chariot of the radiant sun
 The daily circle of his glory run,
 Ere the retreating army made a stand,
 Upon the frozen river's further strand.

Mourn Bereyzina, gloomy genius mourn,
 Never shall graceful wreath thy urn adorn ;
 The water nymphs shall shun thy dismal grot,
 Nor ever sun-beam cheer the lonely spot ;
 Deep in thy cavern shalt thou scowling lie,
 And list the tempest as it passes by.
 For thee no tripping elves shall touch the shell,
 Or dance by moonlight near thy humid cell ;
 But shrieking ghosts along thy wave shall glide,
 Or wail at midnight on thy angry tide.
 The frightened traveller shall the story tell,
 And man no more approach thy watery cell.

Mourn, Bereyzina, gloomy river, mourn,
For never votive wreath shall grace thy urn.

Still let the muse, in plaintive notes, prolong
The bleeding horrors of the battle song :
For still pursuing on the foe's retreat,
Comes gallant Platoff, with his horsemen fleet.
The gathering gloom of sleep-dispensing night,
Thick closing round the land, suspends the fight :
But night, nor darkness, nor the climate drear,
Can stop the Cossack, or arrest his spear ;
Soon as the Gauls prepare to take repose,
And throw their weary limbs on drifted snows,
Roused by the Cossacks' shout, and horses' feet,
Again they shiver, and again retreat.

In every dell, on every valley's ridge,
The village church-yard, or the ruined bridge ;
Beneath each knotted oak, or rifted pine,
The dead, and dying, all along recline.

Nor do the Gallic sufferers die alone,
 Thy sons, O Muscovy ! are heard to groan ;
 The winter's rigour, and the warrior's steel,
 Each gallant heart is doomed alike to feel ;
 But Russians, dying in a righteous cause,
 Shall gain a deathless wreath, mankind's applause.

And shall thy walls, O Wilna ! once again
 Receive the remnants of the hostile train ?
 Who, flushed with hope, and high in warrior pride,
 Drew the bright faulchion, and the Czar defied ;
 When the light Chasseur, and the bold Hussar,
 In all the gallant circumstance of war,—
 The ardent Voltigeur, and hardy Pole,
 Prompt at the trumpet's call, and drum's quick roll,
 Vaults on his saddle, and accoutred brave,
 Thought of a mural crown, and not a grave ;
 And Gallic leaders hurried to their posts,
 While Russia knelt before the " Lord of Hosts."

And let the muse in plaintive numbers weep
 Upon the brave Tyrconnel's lasting sleep ;
 With pious drops bedew his lowly bed,
 And hang green laurels o'er his honoured head.
 Intrepid youth ! to meet an early doom,
 He left his native isle, and splendid home ;
 Crossed the blue deep and stormy Baltic's wave,
 And traversed Muscovy to find a grave :
 Long shall the nations who beheld his fall,
 And graced, with arms reversed, his funeral pall,
 A faithful tribute to his memory bring,
 And teach posterity the dirge to sing :—
 Britannia's daughters too, shall join the lays,
 To celebrate in song Tyrconnel's praise.

Vilia's green banks beheld the foe depart,
 And knew the throb of each exulting heart ;
 As onward pushing in their warlike guise,
 Saw distant Indus in the prospect rise ;

Thought of Arabia's rich and spicy groves,
 The smiling gardens of the wanton loves,—
 The great Euphrates, and the Ganges stream,
 Fill'd every waking thought, and nightly dream;
 Presumptuous hoped to tread the golden shore,
 Which Macedonian feet had pressed before;
 And boldly threatened in their vaunting tone,
 To drive the Czar from off his father's throne.

But Vilia's banks, now white with untrod snow,
 Beholds the shame of the defeated foe;
 Sees him again approach high Wilna's towers,
 And seek a shelter in her frozen bowers;
 With weary steps he comes, and altered face,
 And all the symptoms of a dire disgrace:
 The wretched remnant of his vast array,
 Comes slowly on along the doubtful way.
 No more the clanging cymbals cleave the sky,
 No bugles echo, and no colours fly;

Immediate safety claims their dearest care,
And firm entrenching, for the fight prepare.
The unwearied Platoff, close upon their heel,
Comes with the vengeance of the Cossack steel ;
But Wilna's towers and streets defend the Gauls,
Who keep possession of her frontier walls ;
Until the hardy infantry advance,
With bayonets fixed, to shed the blood of France :
And when the dusky day broke through the sky,
The embattled squadrons come with eager cry,—
On the retreating Gauls come thundering down,
And drive them out from the dismantled town.

Thy venerable Chief, Smolensko came,
Rich with the honours of a deathless fame ;
Regardless of the heavy hand of time,
Displayed the ardours of his youthful prime.
High over Wilna's spires and palace fair,
The Russian eagle soared aloft in air ;

And gallant youths bore up her banners gay,
 Through Wilna's town on that triumphal day,
 Beneath the holy cross they pious bend,
 And grateful hymns to highest heaven ascend.
 The priests in silent order, solemn, slow,
 Glide up the aisle, and to the chancel go;
 Where, joining with a pealing organ's swell,
 Chaunt the *Te Deum*, and their praises tell;
 And every soldier brings an offering there,
 To that blessed power which hears the soldier's prayer.

Thy genius, Muscovy, in grandeur dread,
 Above the nations rears his stately head,—
 Soars in his strength along the concave skies,
 And tears the Gallic band from Europe's eyes.
 Amazed she hears, amid the rude alarms,
 Of giant deeds performed by Russian arms;
 No more supine beneath the scourge she lies,
 Her fetters break, and quick to arms she flies.

From the vast forests of the frozen North,
Waked by the seraph's breath, a flame breaks forth,
Rises on high, and with prophetic fires,
Illumes the statesman, and the Prince inspires,
Beams on the Russian monarch's lofty crest,
And gives new vigour to his Royal breast.

Nor rests the holy ray on him alone,
On Russia's monarch, and on Russia's throne,
His able counsellors, in strength combine,
Feel the rich glow, and catch the ray divine.
Forth from his senate's consecrated source,
Issue their high resolves in holy force :
The warrior's energy, and Christian zeal,
Breathe in each line, and to the soul appeal,
Arouse the torpid, and the bold inspire,
And touch the senses with a holy fire,—
Sound to the listening world, in loud acclaim,
A monarch's wisdom, and a monarch's fame.

Then let the neighbour nations all arise,
Assert themselves, and be as Russia wise ;
Let the dark eagle, now so lowly laid,
With recreant wing amid the cypress shade,
Rise from his embers, like the fabled bird,
Arabia's wonder, and the desert's lord,—
Again his sable pinions stretching wide,
Shall seek the clouds, and humble Gallia's pride ;
And in alliance with the mighty Czar,
Once more behold his king conduct the war.
Then rise, ye gallant bands ! and break the chain,
And let not Muscovy proclaim in vain,
Rise in your strength, and with concentered force,
Bring Europe's blessing back, revoke her curse !

Here pause the song ! the maiden harp is hushed,
For Gallia's pride by Russia's power is crushed ;
And may her shining eagles never more
Reach the green banks of silver Vilia's shore !

Nor let the patriot muse forget to sing
The brighter glories of Britannia's king:
Holy as great, and far above her lays,
Throned in a people's love, a people's praise.
Hail! righteous prince, triumphant in thy grace,
The honoured parent of a Royal race;
And let the muse her laurel chaplets twine,
Where oak and fragrant myrtle both combine,—
And let her then, by purest virtue led,
Place the green wreath on thine anointed head.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Miscellaneous Poems.

CYNTHIA.

"The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
"Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

PLUNGED within the sleeping wave,
Lies the garish god of day;
Sea nymphs there his coursers lave,
And dance around in frolic play.

Now the darkening shadows fly;
Twilight and his sober train,
Draw their curtains o'er the sky,
And fling their dews upon the plain.

Weeping flowers and waving trees,
 Sigh their Cynthia's voice to hear ;
 Tender plaints upon the breeze,
 Wake the tardy Cynthia's ear.

Then she bids her virgins fair
 Yoke her stags, and bring her bow ;
 Fix the crescent in her hair,
 And o'er her back the quiver throw.

Graceful on her snowy neck
 They the virgin mantle fling ;
 Buskins too, her ankles deck,
 And coupled hounds they onward bring.

Fairer than the Queen of Love,
 Chaster than the mountain snow,
 Softer than the timid dove,
 Cynthia rises, stately, slow !

Rises in her silver sphere,
And guides her stags above the main;
Young Endymion, lingering near,
Leaves his flocks to join her train.

On the top of every hill
Cynthia's silver footsteps rest;
Tremble on the lonely rill,
Or grace the silent river's breast.

Forests, woods, and fragrant groves,
Lift their heads to meet her beams,
Dryades run to seek their loves,
Or stray along the limpid streams.

Philomel's melodious sweets
Fill with music all the plain;
Echo still her song repeats,
And gives her sorrows back again.

Sprinkled on the glassy sea,
Cynthia's silver beauties glance;
Underneath the greenwood tree,
Fairies lead the sportive dance.

All along the level green,
And within the flowery dell,
Tripping round their tiny queen,
Twine their antic measures well.

Every bush and every brake
Own the fairies' footsteps near,
And the wood nymphs all awake,
The fairy minstrels' shell to hear.

Sport, and dance, and music's voice,
Cynthia, grace thy starry reign,
And all beneath thy beams rejoice,
To woo thee, Cynthia, back again.

Then, Cynthia, guide thy watery star,
 And nightly lend the lunar ray;
 Endymion shall attend thy car,
 Or meet thee on thy tranquil way.

And every nymph, and every sprite,
 Shall sport beneath thy silver beam;
 And waking mortals hail thy light,
 Reflected in the woodland stream.

ENDYMION (31).

ON Latmos top the shepherd lay,
 Wrapt in celestial dreams,
 He marked the silver Cynthia's ray,
 As round his head, in ambient play,
 She poured her pensive beams.

He saw her rising beauties glow
Above the briny main,
Where gently-swelling zephyrs blow,
And urge the rapid waves below
Along the liquid plain.

He marked the children of the sky,
He knew each radiant star ;
Beheld the wond'rous comet fly,
Or flaming meteor glancing by,
Shooting his fires afar.

And when the beauteous shepherd slept
Beneath the mountain pine,
Her vigils there Diana kept,
And on his polished temples wept
Ambrosial dews divine.

ON

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

BENIGNANT power, fair heaven-descended queen,
 Maid of the tranquil brow and equal mien,
 Domestic peace! thy suppliant votress hear,
 And list my numbers with attentive ear.

Thee I invoke, maid of the thought serene!
 Divine directress of the tranquil scene!
 To thee I strike the lyre, and raise the lay,—
 To thee I consecrate the peaceful day:
 And every fervent sigh, and grateful tear,
 That pass my lips, or on my cheeks appear:
 Here, meekly bending on my suppliant knee,
 Queen of the tranquil hour, I give to thee.

When by unkindness' chilling hand oppressed,
 Or base ingratitude shall wound the breast;

When baleful envy rears her hissing snakes,
 And o'er the patient head her poison shakes :
 Or when calamity, and sorrow's power,
 Obscure the sunshine of the passing hour,
 To thee, domestic peace ! the virtues bend,
 And votive garlands to thy altars send ;
 Mix with thy holy flame the patient sigh,
 And catch the ray reflected from thy eye.

Or if perfidious friendship aim a dart
 To wound the upright and confiding heart,
 Domestic peace can urge her seraph's sway,
 And turn with gentle hand the barb away.
 Does disappointment's unexpected smart
 Seek the recesses of a husband's heart,—
 Hang the sad cypress on a husband's brow,
 And all his manly energies o'erthrow,
 'Tis then domestic peace applies her balm
 With healing power, and ever-varied charm ;

Soothes into harmony the bursting sigh,
 And fills with ecstasy the downcast eye;
 Adorns the peaceful home with sober cheer,
 Charms with a simple song the husband's ear;
 Graces with decent mirth the winter night,
 And puts the husband's agony to flight.

Exiled to cold Siberia's desert sphere,
 Through many a sad and disappointed year,
 Supported by the partner of his life,
 The stedfast Christian, and obedient wife:
 The venerable Munich (32) lived to know
 Domestic peace amid Siberia's snow,—
 Felt the soft magic of connubial love,
 And blessed the mildness of his "household dove."

For twenty years the veteran soldier sighed
 To join the world in all his early pride,
 And still the hyperborean seasons fled
 In disappointment o'er his hoary head;

The snow not whiter than his silver hair ;
 The howling tempest, nor the piercing air,
 The scanty pittance, or the hand of power,
 Could chase contentment from his tranquil hour ;
 For in his hut by faith and comfort cheer'd,
 Domestic peace her holy altar reared.

Descend, blessed power ! descend, thou maid divine !
 Receive the vows soft breathing on thy shrine ;
 Vows from the grateful heart, the soul sincere,
 Mixed with a tender sigh, a tender tear :
 Descend, and fix thy throne among mankind,
 Bend to thy placid sway the wayward mind,—
 Throughout the world thy sacred right maintain,
 And bind the stubborn soul with silken chain.
 Then shall thy living altars ever blaze,
 And richest odours fill th' ascending rays ;
 Then shall thy lilies, twined with careful hand,
 In many a chaplet, many a graceful band,

Placed on thy altar as a sacred prize,
 Inspire the virtuous, and attract the wise :
 And many a tender wife shall thither come,
 To bear the symbol to her peaceful home.

ADDRESS

TO A

HUSBAND IN SICKNESS*.

WHEN sickness hovers o'er thy bed,
 Then let me bind thy aching head,
 Give to thy throbbing temples rest,
 And soothe thee on my faithful breast.
 Oh ! blest am I, my love ! to share
 Thy every pain, thy every care,—

* Altered from the Author's "Lines to Mary," published in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1813.

To watch thee all the lonely night,
Still wakeful with returning light.
Let me in patient sufferance stand,
And bathe with tears thy hectic hand;
And keep thee safe from all alarms,
Supported in my trembling arms.
The fragrance of the opening rose,
And every beauteous flower that blows,
And all the children of the spring,
To deck thy pillow I will bring;
Then lead thee forth, the breeze to meet,
In some sequestered, cool retreat,—
The languid hours will there beguile,
And cheer thee with affection's smile,
Until again thy glowing cheek
Shall renovated health bespeak;
Then shall the blessed and joyous day
In peace and pleasure glide away;
My faith and truth alike to prove,
I'd quit the world for him I love,—

With him to seek the silent grot,
Or rest within a lonely cot ;
Siberia's snow, or Gambia's heat,
To cheer my love, I'd fearless meet,
And all along the vale of tears,
In youthful prime, or riper years,
Still it should be my dearest pride
To journey by my lover's side,
And when at last we sink to rest,
In mutual love supremely blest,
Then may the mystic myrtle twine,
And roses bloom above our shrine,
And fragrant lilies o'er us wave,
To mark the faithful lovers' grave.

MADRIGAL.

HARK ! I hear the wild birds singing,
 O'er the hill their sweet notes flinging,
 Oh, how sweet ! how sweet the sound !
 Zephyrs here their music bringing,
 Fling melifluous gladness round.

Fling, &c.

Fragrant breezes round me blowing,
 Streams translucent gently flowing
 O'er the soft and sunny green :
 Nature's face so beauteous glowing,
 Oh, how gay the sylvan scene !

Oh, how, &c.

On the lake the sun-beams glancing ;
 In the shade are young maids dancing,
 Gaily through the lofty grove :
 Rustic sounds my sense entrancing,
 Oh, how sweet such joys to prove !

Oh, how, &c.

THE
SOLDIERS' MOTHER.

— The matron, with uplifted eyes,
Attests the All-seeing Sovereign of the skies.

ODYSSEY.

STRIVING in her soul to smother
Tears and sighs of Nature's birth,
See the soldier's weeping mother,
Send her blooming warrior forth.

Glowing with a patriot feeling,
Quick she wipes her tears away;
Glory's call her bosom steeling,
Bids the youth no more delay.

Now she clasps his glittering vestures,
 Girds his sword upon his thigh;
 Fondly views his martial gestures,
 With a parent's partial eye.

Now her matron arms enfolding
 Round the form they fondly reared;
 The future hero there beholding,
 High her drooping courage cheered.

Mother's pride her bosom swelling,
 Mother's tears her cheek bedew;
 As parting from his early dwelling,
 Thus she speaks her fond adieu:

"Go, my son! where honors call thee,
 "Fearless seek the tented plain;
 "Let not dangers e'er appal thee,
 "Draw thy sword for prostrate Spain.

" British hearts now nobly daring

" Britain's glory to maintain ;

" And the youth such glory sharing,

" Shall immortal honour gain.

" Then, when most the battle raging,

" There my darling son shall be,

" Hostile ranks in fight engaging,

" Claiming death or victory.

" What, though horrors all surrounding,

" Different deaths at once assail :

" Sulphureous smoke, and cries confounding,

" Mingle on the fevered gale.

" Yet while thus thy life exposing,

" Fear not thou the deadly steel ;

" On thy Saviour's love reposing,

" FIRM IN FAITH TO HIM APPEAL !

" Guardian angels then attending,
 " Listen to thy warrior's prayer;
 " From various deaths thy form defending,
 " Spread their holy ægis there.

" Often from my window looking*,
 " On the radiant western star;
 " Tardy gales and sails rebuking,
 " Sigh for tidings from the war.

" And when I am told, with bosom glowing,
 " Iberia's daughters sing thy name,
 " How sweet the tears my eyes o'erflowing,
 " Tributes to my soldier's fame!

" Then go, my boy! and God befriending,
 " Shall edge thy sword and mail thy breast;
 " On his succour still depending,

" THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE—THE WARRIOR'S

REST."

* The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, &c.

JUDGES, chap. 5, v. 28.

THE
SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"The softened Chief with kind compassion viewed
"And dried the falling tears."

ILIAD.

Oh, heavenly muse, once more descending
Through the realms of liquid air;
Hither, maid, thy footsteps bending,
Listen to thy votary's prayer.

Lovely muse! in radiance beaming,
Great Apollo's darling child;
Smile upon my pensive dreaming,
Smile upon my numbers wild.

Breathe, sweet muse ! around my measures,
Touch, O touch my simple lyre !
Let me draw from out thy treasures,
One bright spark of poet's fire.

Aid me now to weave the story,
Bid me paint the tender strife,
When nobly seeking fields of glory,
The gallant soldier leaves his wife.

But who shall calm her bosom's throbbing,
Who her speechless grief controul ?
Who repress the painful sobbing,
Bursting from her tortured soul ?

Fainting form and eyes beseeching,
Beating heart and flowing tears ;
Each a tender lesson teaching,
Wake the faithful husband's fears.

O'er her see him fondly bending,

Manly grief upon his cheek ;

Passions in his breast contending.

Love how strong ! resolves how weak !

" Turn those eyes so soft upbraiding,

" Speak thy wishes, speak thy will ;

" Fondest love and tears dissuading,

" Swift compliance meets thee still.

" For well I know thy noble spirit

" Ne'er will plan thy husband's shame ;

" But boldly soaring, dare to merit

" The soldier's hope—a deathless name."

Rosy lips, and eyes delighted,

Meet the tender husband's face ;

Grateful for his promise plighted,

Melting in a warm embrace.

" Oh ! my soldier, husband, lover,

" Sovereign of my faithful heart,

" Let me o'er thy dangers hover,

" But never, never, never part.

" I will not part, I will not leave thee,

" That alone my soul alarms ;

" Let me, lingering near, receive thee,

" In my fond and faithful arms.

" Let me, then, thy promise claiming,

" Follow to the field my love ;

" Woman's weakness there disclaiming,

" Manly faith and courage prove.

" No ! when that blessed power consenting,

" Firmly joined our plighted hands ;

" In one fate our lives cementing

" By the power of wedlock's bands :

" In that hour of deep devotion,
 " I then breathed a silent prayer;
" Oh, believe my strong emotion,
 " Vows are firm when plighted there !

" Meekly kneeling at the altar,
 " Raised for us by hands divine,
" Listening seraphs heard me falter
 " Forth a vow more strong than thine.

" Then I vowed no more to sever
 " From the man who had my love;
" But clinging to thy breast for ever,
 " All my faith, my fervour prove.

" Then let me seek with thee the battle,
 " Let me dare with thee the wave ;
" The lightning's blaze or thunder's rattle,
 " A joyous life or peaceful grave.

“ Still with thee my way pursuing,
 “ Stedfast by my soldier’s side ;
 “ With thee misfortune’s shafts subduing,
 “ Love and honour for our guide.

“ Every day new transport lending,
 “ Who shall sing the blissful life ?
 “ Laughing loves and sports attending
 “ The soldier, and his faithful wife.”

THE
 SOLDIER’S DAUGHTER.

“ Fear on her cheek and sorrow in her eye.”

HOMER’S ILIAD.

LOVELY maid ! with bosom heaving,
 Pensive mien, and streaming eyes ;
 Tender blossom, lost in grieving,
 Tell me whence thy sorrows rise ?

Has the youth thy heart selected,
 Reckless of thy look benign;
 All thy blooming charms neglected,
 Broke his vows and slighted thine?

Are thy rising prospects blighted,
 Friends untrue, or fortune lost,—
 Joys o'erthrown, and hopes benighted,
 Nipped by sour misfortune's frost?

Sable robes around thee flowing,
 Speechless tell a tale of woe*,—
 Thee bereft of parents shewing;
 Tell me, fair one, is it so?

* "A heavier task could not have been imposed,

"Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable."

COMEDY OF ERRORS, Act I. Scene I.

"*Tout parle contre nous jusqu'à notre silence.*"

VOLTAIRE'S *ŒDIPUS*.

" Oh ! not love my bosom filling,
" Not from love my woes arise ;
" Not for faithless friendship chilling,
" Drop my tears or heave my sighs.

" Now though orphan's griefs assailing,
" Press me to the silent earth,
" Never more to cease bewailing
" The soldier's fate who gave me birth.

" In happy times, now gone for ever,
" Waving high her silver wand ;
" Faithful hearts no more to sever,
" Gentle peace had blessed the land.

" Every wish in one possessing,
" Calm contentment all around ;
" With every hope, and every blessing,
" Were my honoured parents crowned,

" Bereaved of every infant pleasure,
 " Early joys o'erwhelmed with gloom;
 " Scarce I knew a mother's treasure
 " Ere I lost it in the tomb.

" Every tender care exerting,
 " To ease my widowed father's grief;
 " Tears, and smiles, and prayers concerting,
 " Failed alike to give relief.

" Heavy hours, and days of anguish,
 " Gloomed above his honoured head;
 " Doomed with him for years to languish,
 " Mourning for the silent dead.

" And when at last the trumpet sounding,
 " Called to arms each warrior heart,
 " Think what grief my soul surrounding,
 " As from my father's arms I part.

" Then, when honour boldly seeking,
 " Mid the battle's wildest swell ;
 " Blood, and smoke, and sulphur reeking,
 " There my gallant father fell.

" What avails my hands I'm ringing ?
 " What avail my orphan's tears ?
 " Every day some misery bringing,
 " Fill my soul with orphan's fears.

" Unprotected, sad I wander,
 " Have not where to lay my head ;
 " On my state forlorn I ponder,
 " Or call upon the mighty dead.

" Fearless of surrounding danger,
 " With no wish my life to save ;
 " Then, when I die, O gentle stranger,
 " Lay me in my mother's grave !

Gentle maid, that wish forbearing,
 Give thy mind a nobler bent;
 Often when we're most despairing,
 Has heaven a ready succour sent.

Dry thine eyes, and calm thy sorrow,
 Yield thy breast to feelings mild;
 Heaven may raise new friends to morrow
 FOR THE RIGHTEOUS SOLDIER'S CHILD.

TO JULIA.

ANACREONTIC.

Published in the Evening Star April 10th, 1812.

LET us while youth and freedom last
 Enjoy the passing day;
 Forget the melancholy past,
 And banish care away.

Bid lilies spring beneath our feet,
And roses deck our hair ;
And treasures from the violet sweet
Perfume the wanton air.

Then bring the blushing grape along,
Let sparkling goblets shine ;
And join with me to raise the song,
In praise of rosy wine.

The ready minstrels all attend,
Obedient to my call ;
And every dulcet sweet shall blend,
To grace the festive hall.

And bid the smiles and sports advance,
To crown the laughing hours ;—
To lead me through the mazy dance,
And join my hands with yours.

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In joys like these we'll pass the day,
The night in soft repose;
Forgetting, in our frolic play,
The world, and all its woes.

SONG.

THE MINSTREL.

Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1813.

GAY Lords and Knights, a dazzling throng,
Press near me to applaud my song;
They praise my shape, my ruby lip,
Where truant bees might honey sip:
Their amorous vows well pleased I hear,
For flattery is to woman dear;
But, if I needs must own the truth,
I'd rather hear the minstrel youth.

A soldier true, a sailor bold,
Lament to find my heart so cold ;
I hear their vows, I see their pain,
They try to win my love in vain ;
With eyes averted, ready ear,
I nothing loath, their raptures hear ;
But if I needs must own the truth,
I'd rather hear the minstrel youth.

When radiant Sol displays his beams,
Then, light, disperse my airy dreams ;
I haste, the thicket's maze to tread,
To pluck the wild flower from its bed :
With heart elate, by turns I rove
The breezy hill, the balmy grove ;
And then at eve I own my truth,
And listen to the minstrel youth.

THE LOVER.

Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1813.

OH ! come to me, my tender dove,
 And hear the story of my love ;
 List, while her beauty's power I sing,
 In fading rapture touch the string ;
 And while my quivering lips yet burn,
 Ask if her tears will dew my urn ;
 When all these throbs of anguish o'er,
 My heart shall beat, my tears shall flow no more.

Although I am of high degree,
 A lowly maid has conquered me ;
 And, living in her beaming eye,
 My only wish is there to die :
 Could I but hear her fondly own,
 I love her, for herself alone.

The lovely rustic looks on me
 As if I was her enemy ;
 And when my flushed and fervid cheek,
 And trembling lips essay to speak,
 Then, swifter than the mountain roe,
 She flies, and leaves me to my woe.

How I invoke the powers above
 To smile upon my ardent love ;
 Pleased to exchange my glittering state,
 And seek with her a lowlier fate ;
 From courts and monarchs I'd depart,
 To find my empire in her heart.

And when my crested father's pride,
 And lofty mother, by his side,
 Shall mournful see my youth decay,
 My opening manhood pass away,
 How sad each tear ! how deep each sigh !
 To see their son untimely die.

And, when my grief and anguish past,
 They lay me in my grave at last,
 Wilt thou, my pure and faithful dove,
 Then bear the tidings to my love ?
 My spirit, parted from its clay,
 Shall linger where thou wing'st thy way,
 Only to hear the maiden own
 I lived and died for her alone.

ON

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

MAN, proud superior of the human kind,
 Lord of the lofty brow and steadfast mind;
 Imperial man ! whose firm and nervous frame,
 His high pre-eminence at once proclaim ;
 Whose all-commanding port and eye of fire,
 Alike the timid and the bold inspire.

How often, lordly man ! when adverse fate
 Draws her dark curtain o'er thy falling state,
 How often dost thou bend thy lofty crest,
 To seek repose upon a female breast !

The tender sex, warmed with connubial love,
 Can oft with man an equal courage prove :
 The faithful Arria (33) owned its sovereign power,
 In the deep anguish of misfortune's hour ;
 And when Dalmatia's skies beheld her charms,
 Torn from her tender husband's guardian arms,
 The matron, fearless of a watery grave,
 Yielded her safety to the faithless wave,—
 Even in the bounds of an unwholesome cell,
 Could noble Arria with Cecinius dwell,
 And find more joy within the vault of stone
 Than did Vespasian on the Roman throne :
 And when the haughty tyrant's awful nod
 Doomed lost Cecinius to the Lictor's rod,

The noble matron kept her courage there,
 When all the husband sunk in deep despair ;
 The ready dagger drawing from her vest,
 She plunged it instant in her faithful breast.
 " It is not painful, Pœtus !" ardent cried,
 Sunk on his neck, and with her husband died !

So Scotland's queen repelled the rebel's sword,
 And shed her blood to save her royal lord ;
 Gave her soft bosom to the murderer's fangs,
 And clasped the dying James with widow's pangs,
 Unhappy queen ! to see her husband bleed,
 And mourn her weakness to revenge the deed :
 Yet heaven, in justice to the royal dead,
 Hurl'd its swift vengeance on the traitor's head (34).

And brighter still the immortal flame shall burn
 Around the great Eponia's storied urn.
 Faithful Eponia ! chaste and tender wife !
 What joys were thine to bless Sabinus' life !

Sabinus, banished from the morning's breath,
Reft of the light of day—a living death ;
Eponia sought, and on her faithful breast
Soothed the sad exile to a pleasing rest,—
Left the proud structures of Imperial Rome,
To find a home within her husband's tomb ;
In love's soft offices his hours beguiled,
The cavern brightened when Eponia smiled ;
And sad Sabinus blessed his gloomy fate,
Cheered by the presence of his matchless mate.

Nine times the chariot of the burning sun
His annual course through heavenly signs had run,
Since fair Eponia frequent hid her head,
Forgot the world, and dwelt among the dead.
Deep in the bowels of the humid earth
The tender mother gave her infants birth ;
In pain and anguish reared the tender plants,
And meek submitted to a mother's wants ;

In servile offices still sought to save
 The hapless beings nurtured in the grave ;
 And when the sword of justice o'er his head,
 Dragged her Sabinus from the cavern's shed,
 The tender mother, and heroic wife,
 Besought Rome's monarch for his forfeit life.
 Her little children raised their infant eyes,
 And added pathos to their mother's cries.
 But all unmoved, the tyrant saw her tears,
 And heard the recital of suffering years.
 The tender children, and the mother's prayer,
 The tyrant's stern repulse and anger share.
 Then the chaste wife with double lustre shone,
 And died with him for whom she lived alone (35) !

And shall the noble Acland merit praise,
 Nor gain the tribute of the poet's lays ?
 No ! while the hymeneal harp can ring,
 The faithful minstrel shall delight to sing

Of thee, heroic wife ! whose dauntless mind
The varied luxuries of life resigned,—
Who, for her bosom's lord, could firmly brave
The dangers of the wide Atlantic wave,—
Who shared with him the miseries of a camp,
A burning noon-tide, or an evening damp,—
Traversed the wild Savannah's marshy way,
And only trembled at a long delay.
Often within the thick and tangled brake
She saw the writhing of the speckled snake,
And ere she could her woman's fears dismiss,
Has heard beneath her feet his angry hiss,—
Seen his unerring eyes in fury dart,
And felt weak nature in her woman's heart.

But yet the untrodden way she still pursued,
The craggy mountain, and the gloomy wood ;
And often striking on her gentle ear,
The savage war-hoop told of danger near.

The deadly rifle, and the ready blade,
With all the horrors of an ambuscade ;
And parching thirst, with fainting hunger joined,
Disease, and grief, and wild despair combined,
The untold furies of a civil strife,
Appalled the woman, but inspired the wife.

And when the lord of all her chaste desire
Fell on the field beneath the rebels' fire,
'Twas then the undaunted wife could nobly brave
The watchful sentinel and midnight wave,
As all around her fell the dews of night,
And thickest glooms obscured the parting light ;
The vault of heaven alone above her head,
A wretched skiff the noble woman's bed ;
And there, regardless of the deluge shower,
She patient passed each melancholy hour,
Until the blessed sun's enlivening ray
Announced the coming of expected day :

Then when the blissful moment came at last,
 The faithful wife forgot the gloomy past,—
 With beating heart her husband's pillow spread,
 And scattered poppies o'er his aching head,—
 Fixed on his feverish lip a holy kiss,
 And knew the softness of connubial bliss (36).

And thee, Lavergne ! so young, so good, so fair,
 Who nobly dared a husband's fate to share,—
 With fervent courage braved the felon crew,
 Who spurned their Saviour, and their monarch slew.
 Hard were the hearts which scorned thy fond appeal,
 And mocked the virtue that they could not feel.
 Hard was thy lot, sweet maid ! to sue in vain,
 To meet the insults of the lawless train,
 Their eyes' bold license, and indecent sneers,
 While all unheeded fell thy bitter tears :
 And doubly hard the heart which wrought the deed,
 That doomed thee, young and good, and fair, to
 bleed (37).

Then bow, stern man ! and own the blessing given,
The brightest work of all-creative Heaven ;
Own the firm texture of the female mind,
And yield the holy palm to womankind ;
For she can best repel Misfortune's dart,
And place the shield of love before the heart !



NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO I.

NOTE (1).—PAGE 19.

IN 1787 Potemkin attended the Empress Catherine on her journey to the Crimæa, and in the Memoirs of that Prince the following interesting account is given of the excursion down the Boristhenes.

“It was a beautiful day in the beginning of spring when the Empress went on board with her court.—A perfect calm, a clear sky, a verdant shore, heightened the effect of the brilliant decorations with which Potemkin had resolved to enrapture his sovereign.—He now set in motion all the wheels of the grand machine which he had got up with so much care, and presented to the eyes of the travellers an artificial spectacle the most extraordinary, and the most original, that ever was conceived.”

“At greater or less distant intervals, the banks of the river displayed pretty insulated dwellings and well-built villages, the extent of which would lead the beholder to expect a numerous population; and their exterior seemed to bespeak the opulence and comforts of the inhabitants. Many of these private houses and villages had but just been built. It has even been asserted that the most distant buildings were unfinished, and had merely a front. They were so disposed with respect to the soil as to form picturesque points of view; and for the space of 300 miles the shores of the Dnieper were set out in the form of English parks. As the population of the country was insufficient to give animation to the landscape, peasants had been sent for from several parts of the empire: they were successively removed from one spot to the other, (frequently in the night) to give to the roads where the Empress was to pass the next day, that appearance of bustle and animation, which else they would often have wanted.”

NOTE (2).—Page 20.

"After a short voyage, the fleet cast anchor at Kanieve, on the Buthisthenes, where the King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, had been waiting three months, under the name of Count Poniatowsky, and had expended three millions of livres to see the Empress for three hours."

"The Emperor Joseph the Second, who travelled by the name of Count Falkenstein, had already arrived some time before Catherine at Cherson. He now came to meet her at Kaïdak, the ancient metropolis of the Zaporogians, where she landed, near the Cataracts, to continue her route by land with the Emperor.—He joined this Princess the moment after Potemkin had given her a brilliant concert. It was repeated on his account. As he was a great musician, nothing appeared to interest and astonish him more than fifty *a, b, c*, that is to say, a concert in which several musicians play the same note.—The Prince de Ligne says, such a concert is a heavenly music, at least it is too extraordinary to be known on earth."

"At Cherson, Catherine lodged at the Admiralty, which had been most brilliantly fitted up for her reception. A throne in particular had been erected, which cost fourteen thousand roubles. Cherson was, as it were, the metropolis of a new empire to Catherine: it was here, above all, that Potemkin wished to display a magnificence worthy of an Empress of the East."

"This rising town appeared already opulent and populous.—Several houses had been built before the arrival of the Empress; they were all occupied, owing to the extraordinary concourse of strangers from all countries. Greeks; Tartars; French, among whom were Edward Dillon and Alexander Lameth; Spaniards, among whom was Miranda, since a General of the French Republic, and recently the leader of the insurgents of South America; English, among whom shone Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach; and others, had been attracted either by mere curiosity, or by the wish of paying homage to the Empress.—Many brilliant warehouses, which displayed the most costly and various merchandize, announced the first dawn of a commerce that could not fail of acquiring every day more consistency and splendour.—Catherine, on walking through the streets of Cherson, was in a conti-

nual enchantment; and Potemkin, as the author of these wonders, shared in the heart of his sovereign the enthusiasm with which the sight of them inspired her."

NOTE (3).—Page 20.

"CATHERINE continued her journey by water; but after leaving Kanieve, her voyage was not without danger.—It is rather surprising that so much pains should have been taken to excavate the bed of the river, and to embellish its shores, and no attention paid to examine the vessel which conveyed the illustrious traveller. A violent storm arose; two or three galleys were wrecked on sand banks, and that of the Empress being in a bad condition, was in the most imminent danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, by the violence of the current, which her unskilful mariners knew not how to avoid. Had it not been for the Prince of Anholt, and the Minister Besborodko, who devoted themselves to save the Empress, and assisted the sailors in manœuvring the galley, she would have infallibly perished.—In the midst of this confusion, a vessel, loaded with wine, was burnt close to the imperial galley, which added a new peril to that with which the Empress was threatened by the waves. She kept perfectly cool and collected, as she constantly did on every occasion where her life was in danger."

NOTE (4).—Page 22.

THIS idea is borrowed from the beautiful little effusion of T. Campbell, Esq. entitled "*Lochiel's Warning*."—"Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one."

NOTE (5).—Page 25.

SAMSON. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman, and said unto her, Behold now, thou shalt bear a son, and he shall deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines.—And the angel did wondrously, and Manoah and his wife looked on.—For it came to pass when the flame went up to heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar."

NOTE (6).—Page 28.

"ON the 3d of August, 1812, General Wittgenstein again attacked Oudinot, at Polotsk: the action lasted fourteen hours, and finally obliged the enemy to retire to their trenches with the loss of upwards of 2,000 prisoners. The Duke of Reggio, who in the first instance had been already strengthened by the Bavarians, under the command of General Wride, received a fresh reinforcement of the same troops, under General Derozy; after which, on the 16th of August, a most murderous affair took place:—in point of numbers the Russians were infinitely inferior, yet the fortune of the day attended them; they pursued the enemy even to the town, and continued the battle in the streets, until the darkness of the night put an end to it. In this engagement Oudinot received a severe wound in his shoulder, and the command of his army was entrusted to General Gouverneur de St. Cyr."—*Vide Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 44.*

NOTE (7).—Page 29.

"THE Russian armies continued to retreat unbroken and sanguine in their cause."—*Russian Narrative, Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 44.*

NOTE (8).—Page 31.

"AT four o'clock in the morning of the 7th of September, the enemy, availing themselves of a thick fog, began their movement towards the left of the Russians, and on that wing their principal efforts were throughout directed. Soon afterwards the battle became general, and continued until night. The attack on the redans was extremely sharp, and they were most vigorously defended. They were disputed from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, with an unexampled obstinacy. In this sanguinary combat Major-General Count Woronzoff was wounded, in a bayonet charge against the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief of the second army, Prince Bagrathion, was wounded soon afterwards. Nevertheless, all the attacks which the enemy made against the left of the Russian position, as well with his infantry as with his cavalry, were

fruitless, and repulsed with such loss, that towards night he was even forced to abandon the little ground which he had gained in the morning. His attacks upon the centre did not meet with better success. Repulsed at every point, he retired towards the beginning of the night, and the Russians remained masters of the field of battle. On the following morning General Platoff was sent in pursuit of him: he came up with his rear-guard at eleven wersts distant from the village of Borodino, and successfully harassed the same.

"The loss of the enemy in this battle was immense in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the latter was the General of Brigade, Bonami."
—*Vide Military Panorama, page 119.*

NOTE (9).—Page 33.

IN the sanguinary battle of Borodino Major-General Count Woronzoff was wounded in a bayonet charge against the enemy.—This officer is brother to the Countess of Pembroke, and heir to the illustrious house of Woronzoff.—At the age of twenty-nine he had, by his achievements, gained the rank of Major-General, and in an action in Turkey, recovered at the head of a regiment lately given him, the colours it had forfeited by some misconduct in Austria.—"Europe does not boast a more accomplished gentleman or braver soldier.—Such a man would have lived to build, if he had not already boasted, a generous race."—*Sir Robert Wilson's Campaigns in Poland.*

NOTE (10).—Page 33.

THE gallant Prince Bagrathion, who commanded the second army at the battle of Borodino, was mortally wounded.—This gallant officer was particularly distinguished in the campaigns of 1806 and 1807 in Poland; and he was made the channel of Bensingsen's proposition for the armistice, which took place before the peace concluded at Tilsit.

NOTE (11).—Page 37.

THESE lines allude to the offer which Count Platoff made, of giving his daughter in marriage, and a large sum of money, to any Cossack who should bring in the head of Buonaparte.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

NOTE (12).—Page 42.

Moscow owes its foundation to George, son of Vladimir Monomaka, who, in 1154, ascended the throne of Russia.—Being insulted by Stephen Kutchko, Prince of Susdal, he confiscated his domains, of which the lands now occupied by this city formed a part, and laid the foundation of a new town, which he called Moskva, from the river of that name; but the town fell into such decay under his successors, that when Daniel, son of Alexander Newski, received, in the division of the empire, the Duchy of Moscow as his portion, and fixed his residence at this place, he may be said to have new-founded the town.—The spot now occupied by the Kremlin, was at that time a morass, overspread with a thick wood, containing a small island with only a single hut. On this part Daniel constructed numerous buildings, and inclosed it with wooden fortifications. He first assumed the title of Duke of Moscow, and was so attached to this situation, that on succeeding his brother, Andrew Alexandrovitch, in the great Duchy of Vladimir, he continued his residence at Moscow, which became the capital of the Russian dominions.—*Vide Cox's Travels, Vol. I. ch. 2 b. 3.*

NOTE (13).—Page 43.

SOLARIO was a celebrated Architect of Milan, in 1491, under the reign of Ivan Vassilievetch I.: he constructed the high walls of stone and brick which surround the Kremlin of Moscow.

NOTE (14).—Page 43.

SAINT Petersburg stands upon the Neva, near the Gulph of Finland, and is built partly on some Islands, in the mouth of that river, and partly on the Continent.

The internal improvement of the Russian empire, the great object of Peter's reign, was considerably advanced by approaching the capital, to the more civilized parts of Europe; by this means he drew the nobility from their rude magnificence and feudal dignity at Moscow, to a more immediate dependence upon the sovereign, to more polished manners, to a greater degree of social intercourse; nor did any other cause, perhaps, so much tend to promote his plans for the civilization of his subjects, as the removal of the imperial seat from the inland provinces to the Gulf of Finland.—*Vide Coxe's Travels.*

NOTE (15).—Page 45.

BOADICEA, Queen of the Icene, driven to desperation by the successes of the Roman army, under Nero, set fire with her own hand to her capital. She was a Princess of an undaunted spirit, but like most of the Pagan worthies, vindictive and superstitious.

NOTE (16).—Page 48.

THE most striking monuments of the ancient magnificence of Persia, are the ruins of its capital, Persepolis.—They consist of beautiful pilasters, superb columns, spacious galleries, grand porticos, and other architectural remains of former splendour.—A short distance from these ruins is a remarkable mountain, formed of an entire rock.—It stands between two beautiful plains; is levelled by art, and its sides perpendicular.—Various figures in bas relief are still discernible upon it, and the tombs of the ancient Kings of Elam or Persia excavated in its sides.—Several inscriptions and two small edifices adorn this wonderful structure, but the zeal of the Moslems, who consider the destruction of images as acceptable to their Prophet, and the hand of time together, have defaced them.—They, however, still remain objects of interest and inquiry to the enlightened traveller.

NOTE (17).—Page 48.

WHEN Alexander the Great was at Persepolis, and upon the point of marching against Darius, he made a great entertainment for his friends, at which they drank to a degree of intoxication; and the women had their share in it, for they came in masquerade to seek their lovers. The most celebrated among these women was Thais, a native of Attica, and mistress to Ptolemy, afterwards King of Egypt. When she had gained Alexander's attention by her flattery and humorous vein, she addressed him over his cups, in a manner agreeable to the spirit of her country, but far above a person of her stamp. "I have undergone great fatigues," said she, "in wandering about Asia; but this day has brought me a compensation, by putting it in my power to insult the proud courts of the Persian Kings. Ah! how much greater pleasure would it be to finish this carousal with burning the palace of Xerxes, who laid Athens in ashes, and to set fire to it myself in the sight of Alexander! Then shall it be said in times to come that the women of his train have more signally avenged the cause of Greece upon the Persians, than all that the Generals before him could do by sea or land."

This speech was received with the loudest plaudits and most tumultuary acclamations. All the company strove to persuade the King to comply with the proposal. At last, yielding to their instances, he leaped from his seat, and, with his garland on his head, and a flambeau in his hand, led the way. The rest followed with shouts of joy, and, dancing as they went, spread themselves round the Palace.—The Macedonians who got intelligence of this frolic, ran up with lighted torches, and joined them with great pleasure.—*Vide Plutarch.*

NOTE (18).—Page 50.

"ALMOST immediately after entering Moscow, Buonaparte sent a message by a Russian gentleman to the Emperor Alexander, couched in the most amicable and even familiar terms. He said, "there was nothing he wished for more than to renew his friendship with the Emperor, for whom he had ever cherished the highest esteem, and with whose personal wishes he should at all times be happy to comply;—that had Alexander requested him not to enter Moscow, he would not have

entered it;—that he was even now ready to quit the spot, if such was the desire of a sovereign whom he was anxious to oblige. In short, that if Alexander desired peace, he had only to say so, and peace should that instant be concluded." This bait might have taken with almost any individual sooner than with the Emperor of Russia. He remembered the fawning looks, the flattering words, the feigned humility of Tilsit, and he felt, that it was not for Sinon to betray a second Troy.—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 134.*

Extract of a Letter from Sir Robert Ker Porter to John Philipps, Esq. descriptive of the Events of the Campaign in Russia till the expulsion of the Enemy from Moscow.

"The beginning of the year 1813 has no resemblance with that of 1812; an amazing campaign seems to have placed an age of time between the two periods; to recal the events which have filled up this interval, is to trace the movements of that invisible hand which directed them, and which balances the destiny of empires. This short retrospect is sufficient. On the 24th of June the French, passing the Niemen at four different places, entered the Russian territory. Their principal strength was directed to oppose the first Russian army, commanded by General Barclay de Tolly; their aim was to separate this army from the second, under Prince Bagrathion, by turning its left; without suffering his division to be cut in two, the General in Chief caused it to fall back upon the Dwina, and consolidate itself in the fortified camps at Drissa; he there successfully engaged the French several times, who were obliged to move on the bank of the river, towards Vitepsk: this movement put the Russian Commander-in-Chief under the necessity of advancing by forced marches to Smolensk; the corps forming its right remained near Polotzk under the orders of Count Wittgenstein; who, meanwhile, had advantageously given battle to Marshal Oudinot, near that city; and it now acted, and was considered a separate body: the attempts of that Marshal to clear the road of Pskoff, for the purpose of threatening St. Petersburg, were entirely frustrated in the action of the 17th of August, which took place under the walls of Polotzk—his army was defeated, and himself wounded; his successor, Gouveau St. Cyr, was beaten on the 18th, in the battle of Beloé; the combatants engaged even in the streets of the

city. The Russian and French armies being placed opposite each other, remained in almost quiet observation for nearly two months. Upon the remotest frontier of the south-west, General Tormozoff commanded an army of observation, traversing the boundaries of Galicia; he had captured at Kobuire a Saxon corps of more than 2,000 men, together with its General and Staff. This army kept in check that of the enemy under Regnier. The second grand army, under Prince Bagrathion, when the French entered the empire, had immediately taken a direction from the south of the government of Grodno, by Slonguo, Novogrodeck, and Mira, and across the government of Minsk, towards the Dnieper, for the purpose of joining the first army; after a long train of difficult marches, and bold engagements, at length, on the beginning of August, it acted in concert with that army; and, upon the 17th of that month, its position was only fifteen wersts from Smolensk, at which place the first army awaited its arrival; on the same day a destructive action took place near that city; the French had concentrated all their strength there;—they renewed the attack several times with furious determination. The first Russian army continued resistance for the sake of giving time to the second to get the start of the enemy upon the road leading to Moscow. In the night of the 18th, the Russians retired, leaving the French masters of Smolensk: animated by their apparent success, the French came to the rash resolution of following the Russian army, which was proceeding along the road to Moscow; so that, from the 18th of August until the 22d, every day was marked by a new engagement: on the 23d the Russians were at Dorogobouch, and on the 28th at Wiazma. The Emperor had spoken to the nation; she had answered by rising up in arms; every individual made himself a soldier—all the Sons of Russia flew to protect their native soil, her institutions, her faith. A national war was about to burst forth, and a devoted people were hastening to display their unanimity and resources. General Kutusoff had just terminated the war with Turkey, and displayed, in doing so, the talents of a consummate General, added to those of an able negotiator.

The two Russian armies, now united, demanded but one head, and it was Kutusoff upon whom the public called to fill that distinguished post. The Emperor sanctioned it by sending him to the army. On the 29th of August the Prince arrived, and was hailed by the general confidence of his soldiers. In the meanwhile the French were preparing

for a battle as gigantic as their army. This army comprised, in addition to its national troops, Germans of every description, Bavarians, Saxons, Swabians, Westphalians, Prussians; it united Italians and Dutch, Swiss and Poles, Spaniards and Portuguese: the whole continent had contributed to swell its immensity. Never had modern times seen so various and so huge a mass, nor beheld any army advance so far from its resources. The vast body dragged after it a train of more than a thousand cannon, and its cavalry numbered more than sixty thousand horses. All the strength of the West, of the South, and of the East of Europe, was marshalled on the plains of the North, to please the caprice of a single individual. What would be the issue of this struggle, or was Russia fated to fall? was the prediction of the invaders to be fulfilled? Kutusoff took up his position upon the heights of Borodino, a village situated upon the river Moskva, which was within the limits of the government of Moscow. The Russian army was much inferior to the enemy, but, marching on native ground, it was strong in confidence and courage. The 6th of September passed in skirmishes between reconnoitering parties:—on the 7th a general battle took place; it seemed the combat of giants;—on each side a thousand cannon vomited death from their fiery mouths; the principal attack of the French was directed against the feeble left of the Russians, yet that weakest part was found impenetrable:—eight times were redoubts taken and retaken!—eight times the cavalry returned to the charge! The earth shook beneath the fury of man;—night alone put an end to this sanguinary contest. When no object remained visible, the groans of the dying, succeeding the roar of the artillery, marked through the darkness, the vast field of battle. During the night the field was kept by the Russians; but, fatigued with victory, they were unable to follow up their advantage, by renewing the combat.

Superior in numbers, the enemy brought up some fresh columns, which, by two roads, took the direction of Moscow, threatening at once the flanks and the rear of the Russians. Kutusoff had the magnanimity to decide upon sacrificing the capital for the preservation of the country—he fell back; and, on the 15th of September, the invaders entered the ancient seat of the Czars. The enemy's aim had been to strike at the heart of Russia; he had failed; the blow was not mortal;—“it is the end which crowns all,” were the prophetic words used by the

Emperor. Moscow offered to the enemy nothing but deserted houses, presenting an awful testimony of Russian resolution, to sacrifice all to save their country. Moscow was in flames; the streets, the houses, the cellars were filled with blood and dead bodies; violation and massacre added the horrors of hell to the fires flaming around them. When the palaces no longer contained any thing valuable, the churches became the scene of pillage; altars were soiled with blood and crimes; sacred vessels broken and carried away; the relics of saints profaned;—even the sacred dead were disturbed in the search after treasures; their ashes cry aloud for vengeance; the national war became a war of religion; it was the cause of heaven as well as that of humanity. Soon every calamity befel the perpetrators of all these acts of horror:—now in the ancient seat of the empire they were famishing with hunger; they had gold and silver, but they had not bread for themselves, nor forage for their horses; their cavalry wasted away, and the wretched animals that were to drag their artillery, sunk down for want of food to support their strength. Every thing in the country now assumed a very different aspect;—thousands of brave men left their villages to march under the banners of their country, and to encrease her armies: those who remained to till the ground, at the same moment snatched up arms, and dispersing themselves over the roads and hollow places, maintained a deadly warfare with the French, whenever they encountered them. Meanwhile Prince Kutusoff realized the plans his genius had invented. After crossing Moscow with his army, in a northerly direction, he directed it by a lateral movement towards the south, making half the round of the city at the distance of twelve wersts: while the French believed, or at least asserted that the Russian army was dispersed, it was manœuvring with profound skill; and covering the road to Kalouga, with their front opposed to Moscow, the Russians blockaded the French in the capital of the former; the French, turning their faces towards Paris, saw only the troops of Russia, intercepting their communications, reinforcements, and provisions. The French troops now saw their very existence menaced; and from the end of September all their dispositions announced the intention of a retreat. After having wasted one month and eight days in Moscow, vainly hoping the government would make peace, and the nation basely betray its duty, the French abandoned the place which they had boasted was to prove the

end of their labours;—the destruction of the Kremlin testified their impotent rage : and the Russians re-entered the town October 22d, led by General Winzingerode, who fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy."

NOTE (19).—Page 50.

"M. CURTIUS, a celebrated Roman youth, who devoted himself to the gods for the safety of his country, about 360 years B. C. A wide gap had suddenly opened in the forum, and the oracle had said that it never would close before Rome threw into it whatever it had most precious. Curtius immediately perceived that no less than a human sacrifice was required. He armed himself, mounted his horse, and solemnly threw himself into the gulf, which instantly closed over his head."—*Liv. Val. Max.*

NOTE (20).—Page 51.

"THREE brave Romans, named Horatii, born at the same birth, fought against three of the Curatii, a family of Alba, about 667 years B. C. between the hostile camps of the people of Alba and of Rome; and on their success depended the victory. In the first attack two of the Horatii were killed, and the only surviving one, by joining artifice to valour, obtained an honourable trophy: by pretending to fly from the field of battle, he separated his antagonists, and in attacking them one by one, he was enabled to conquer them all. As he returned victorious to Rome his sister reproached him with the murder of the Curatii, to one of whom she was promised in marriage. He was incensed at the rebuke, and killed her.—He was tried and capitally condemned for this violence, but for his eminent services the sentence of death was exchanged for passing under the yoke.—A trophy was raised in the Roman forum, on which he suspended the spoils of the conquered Curatii."—*Liv. &c.*

NOTE (21).—Page 51.

"THE situation of affairs in Russia had induced Alexander to accord with the demands of Turkey, and thus to obtain a peace with that country. Russia had required the cession of Moldavia, Wallachia, and the esta-

blishment of the Danube as the southern boundary of her empire, but now confined herself to that part of Moldavia on the eastern bank of the Pruth. This peace afforded the Emperor the means of converting all his forces to the expulsion of the invaders; and accordingly the army which had been employed on the frontier marched through the south of Poland, and united itself to the army which had been previously stationed in Volhynia."—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 216.*

NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE (22).—Page 60.

SONG of Deborah. Judges, Chap. v. v. 20.—“ They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.”

NOTE (23).—Page 64.

“ BUT it was not only on the troops, regular or irregular, that the General had to rely; the country was defended, as every country when invaded ought to be, by every man in it.—The villagers kept watch on high hills and church steeples, and at sight of an enemy rung alarm bells, the sound of which assembled them altogether; when they bound themselves by an oath to mutual defence, and agreed to punish cowardice and desertion as the basest of crimes.”—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 138.*

NOTE (24).—Page 66.

"ON the 2d of November Prince Orloff Denizoff attacked, near Viasma, some of the regiments which had been beaten the preceding day at Polotzk. Here he took a few prisoners, and amongst them Murat's Secretary, with all his papers. On the 3d, General Miloradovitch attacked Davoust, near Viasma, and drove him, with great slaughter, quite through the town. The loss of the French was 6000 killed and wounded, and 2000 prisoners, including a General, a Chief of the Etat-Major, &c. On the 4th the Hetman Platow pursued the enemy beyond Viasma, and brought in 1000 prisoners, &c. &c."—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol II. page 139.*

NOTE (25).—Page 65.

"AFTER the taking of Polotsk, on the 20th of October, the broken remains of the 2d French corps had been pursued, without intermission, first to Lepel, and thence to Tshasnicke, where, being joined by 15,000 of Victor's corps from Smolensk, they thought themselves strong enough to make a stand. On the 1st of November General Wittgenstein attacked them in their positions, and after a very hot battle, which lasted the whole day, he succeeded in once more putting them to flight. Here, having posted himself on the river Oula, he dispatched a part of his forces to Witepsk, about 40 miles to the north-west, which place was then occupied by a French detachment; but being attacked on the 6th of November, it was carried by assault, the General who acted as Governor of the town being taken, together with many other prisoners of note. In the meanwhile General Wittgenstein having first sent out parties to Borisov and Minsk (and thereby put himself in communication with General Tchichagoff, who had reached the latter place), marched directly upon Orsha, the next large town to Krasnoi, at the distance of about forty-five miles to the westward, and nearly half-way between that place and Borisov. Thus three Russian armies were placed directly in front of Buonaparte, on the straight line of his retreat; namely, Kutusoff's at Krasnoi, Wittgenstein's at Orsha, and Tchichagoff's at Borisov or Minsk.—Buonaparte was well aware of the dangerous state of

his position, and perceived that no other resource was left him than to hasten his retreat towards the Berezyna.—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 218.*

NOTE (26).—Page 70.

“THE extreme severity of the weather, and the destructive retreat which the enemy had constantly made, drove many of the French soldiers to acts of desperation. Many threw away their arms and baggage; the greater part had neither boots or any covering to their feet; those who could obtain blankets, wrapped themselves therein, and protected their feet with old hats; some covered themselves with sacks, mats, and skins of animals, and the dead and dying were stripped to obtain coverings from the cold. In many parts the roads were rendered unpassable from the heaps of dead and dying; the ground on which they bivouac’d during the night, resembled, on the ensuing morning, a field of battle.”—*Vide Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 242.*

NOTE (27).—Page 71.

VARUS, a Roman Proconsul, descended from an illustrious family, a man to whom indolence and cowardice are imputed. He was also avaricious to an uncommon degree, even for a Roman of that time. In his government of Syria he amassed great riches, by dishonourable means. He afterwards commanded the Roman armies in Germany, where he was surprised, and his army cut to pieces by Arminius. When he found the fortune of the day against him, he put an end to his life: this happened in the reign of Augustus. Arminius, the greatest patriot Germany had produced, was afterwards defeated by Germanicus.

NOTE (28).—Page 72.

“THE loyal people, burghers, and peasantry, have given such proofs of fidelity and love for their country, as can only be expected of the Russian nation.—They have penetrated the enemy’s regiments, armed with the same implements with which they tilled their fields; many thousands of the enemy have been cut to pieces and dispersed by the

peasants, and even by their women."—*Vide Proclamation of the Emperor Alexander from St. Petersburg, Nov. 16, 1812.*

NOTE (29).—Page 79.

THIS idea is derived from Gray's beautiful Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

" Still as they run they look behind,

" They hear a voice on every wind."

NOTE TO CANTO IV.

NOTE (30).—Page 79.

ON the 20th of November Buonaparte quitted Orsha, and on the 28th, arrived at the left bank of the Berezyna, his forces reduced to 60,000, where they sustained a further defeat.—Buonaparte caused a bridge to be thrown over the river at Keubin, fifteen wersts above Borizoff, and crossed immediately. The horrors of this passage will ever be present to the memory of the French army: it lasted two days. At its commencement, which was in the greatest confusion, numbers were drowned; but on the appearance of the Russian army, the confusion was beyond all imagination. The artillery, baggage waggons, the cavalry, and infantry, pressed forward without the least order to cross the river. Every thing appeared to be lost sight of but the wish to escape from the

Russian army.—The batteries of the latter now began to fire on the bridge and the banks of the river, and thus stopped the further passage of the enemy. An entire division of seven thousand five hundred men, belonging to Victor's corps, with five Generals, surrendered by capitulation; several thousand were drowned and killed, and an immense quantity of cannon and baggage remained on the left bank of the river. The passage of the Berezyna cost the French upwards of 20,000 men, killed, wounded, drowned and prisoners, 200 pieces of cannon, and a very considerable booty.—*Military Panorama, Vol. II. page 228.*

NOTES

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

 ENDYMION.

NOTE (81).—Page 97.

A most beautiful shepherd and celebrated astronomer, from whence arises the fable of his having inspired Diana or the moon with a passion for him. The Heracleans and Eleans were of different opinions concerning his death : the latter shewed his tomb at Olympia in Peloponnesus.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

NOTE (82).—Page 101.

THIS distinguished soldier and pious Christian passed the early years of his life in the career of arms ; having served with honour in the Austrian, Hessian, and Polish armies. From a motive of wounded pride and keen sensibility he retired from the latter, and enrolled himself under the banners of Peter the Second of Russia, by whom he was employed in various services, both civil and military. Retributive justice was never more strongly exemplified than in the hard fate of this great

man. He it was who advised, planned, and executed the arrest of the celebrated Biren, the favourite of the Empress Anne, his sovereign and benefactress ; for which service he was loaded with rewards by her successor. On the accession of Elizabeth, he was arrested by her order, and banished to Pelim, in Siberia, the very place he had caused to be erected for the reception of Biren. There, where he passed twenty years, he exhibited tokens of resignation and fortitude, which could only emanate from a mind firm in Christian fidelity. On the accession of Peter the Third, he was recalled by that benevolent Prince, and restored to his honours.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

NOTE (33).—Page 128.

ARRIA, the wife of Cecinnius Pœtus, a Roman Patrician, whose strength of mind and conjugal fidelity have rendered her, during eighteen centuries, the model of her sex in those virtues : living in an age of unexampled depravity, she sustained the various duties of a wife and mother under a multitude of hard and trying calamities. She died nobly, for she knew not that self-murder was a sin against heaven.

NOTE (34).—Page 129.

JOAN Beanfort, Queen of James the First of Scotland, an amiable and intrepid woman ; she soothed and supported her unfortunate husband in his difficulties, and attended him in his persecutions. In the year 1487 a conspiracy was formed against the life of James, at the head of which was his uncle the Earl of Athol ; she instantly took measures to secure his royal person, and repaired with him to Perth, supposing it a place of security ; here, while the royal pair were conversing together, the inhuman uncle broke into their presence, attended by armed assassins. The queen threw herself between her husband and his enemies, and received two wounds in her bosom : she could do no more : and beheld her husband murdered. She lived to see divine vengeance overtake the regicide.

NOTE (35).—Page 131.

Eponia! Here indeed is a subject of inexhaustible panegyric: a Roman lady, accustomed to all the grandeur and luxury which was to be found in the ancient Mistress of the World; yet this heroic woman and affectionate wife relinquished all to pass her days and nights in the bowels of the earth with her husband. In the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, Sabinus, the husband of Eponia, aspired to the purple, but his army being untrue to him, he saved his life by concealing himself in a cavern, where his admirable wife spent much of her time: and what proves her to have been superior to pain, inconvenience, and the trifling vanities of her sex, she defaced her beauty, and disfigured her form by applying a poisonous unction to her limbs, that by encreasing their size, her pregnancy might remain undiscovered. The retreat of the married lovers was detected, and the unfortunate Sabinus condemned to die, notwithstanding her powerful pleadings, and those of her innocent children for his life.

NOTE (36).—Page 134.

LADY Harriet Acland, a heroine of our own soil: she traversed the woods and wilds of America with her husband, while he served as a Major in the British army. The difficulties and privations she was reduced to, might have overpowered the most robust of her sex; but, notwithstanding she had been nourished in the lap of luxury, her fortitude never forsook her; and the husband, for whose society she relinquished every worldly comfort, had no other attendant in his wounds and sickness than this admirable woman.

NOTE (37).—Page 134.

MADAME Lavergne, one of the many bright examples of female intrepidity the French revolution produced: she was guillotined with her husband.

THE END,

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